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WM. HURD HILLYER,

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GEMS

WM. HURD HILLYER,

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GEMS

OF

ENGLISH POETRY.

With Illustrations by Great Artists.

" Then came the magic of a poet's name,
Like light, upon my fancy; and I sat
Brooding for hours, amid sequestered nooks,
On all the mighty masters of the lyre."

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
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PREFACE

TRUE Poetry is soothing or stimulating (always influential some way), according to the nature of the theme with which it deals; and nothing more than this is necessary to commend it to the human heart, or to account for the fascination which it exercises upon almost every variety of the human race. No doubt a certain amount of culture is needed, in order to the appreciation of its more subtle and delicate meanings; but even where such previous culture is wanting, it will not be without a healthful and invigorating influence, in a general way; while the very habit of perusing it will so quicken the sensibilities, that the want will gradually come to be comparatively little felt. Its themes, too, are as numerous and diversified as are human feelings, interests, and wants. It passes round the whole circle of nature and life, and draws forth responses, sympathetic and thrilling, in connection with everything that is most vital in relation to man. Among its chosen subjects are the beauties of nature, the strength and sanctity of love or friendship, natural affection in its varied forms, the manifold relations subsisting between the moral and the material universe,—

> "All thoughts, all feelings, all desires,—
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

WU in FEB '36

may be said to come fairly under its influence, and to receive a sort of consecration from its touch.

In these circumstances no apology is necessary, surely, for the issuing of such a volume as the present one. It presents the reader with carefully selected passages from a large number of authors, some of them, it may be, (from the paucity of their works, or other circumstances,) comparatively obscure, but the overwhelming majority those whose names have long been household words in every part of the Empire—or rather, perhaps, of the civilized world. These are copiously illustrated by appropriate Engravings on steel, in the highest style of art—a feature which cannot fail to be interesting in itself, as well as fitted to add liveliness and attraction to the poems which they illustrate.

It will be noticed that while each Plate is specially connected with the poem which immediately follows it, it is more or less closely related to *all* the passages given till the next Plate occurs —these being of a cognate character.

It remains only to add that several of these poems are copyright, and that it is to the kindness of the proprietors that their appearance here is due.

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MORNING.

I.

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,

Which even in deepest winter testify
Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God ordains
That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad Heights hast poured
Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
And for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

II.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes

That stream in blithe succession from the throats
Of birds, in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,
That burns for Poets in the dawning east;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But He who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
A solid refuge for distress—
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise
The current of this matin song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SABBATH MORN.

HOW still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles with heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms,—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon Village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

GRAHAME.

MORNING.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

SHAKESPEARE.

MATIN SONG.

THE day's wan light breaks fair and far,
The wave is restless on the stream;
Dallying with the morning star,
It rocks the slight and silvery beam.

Freshly the heart of day is breathing;
The wild-flower trembles for the bee:
On ocean's cheek a smile is wreathing,
Tenderly and merrily!

The skylark leaves its nest,
With pearls upon its breast;
From its nested sedge the crownèd swan glides slow,
And forth into the morning, like the light doth go!

REYNOLDS.

MATIN SONG.



HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise! arise!

SHAKESPEARE.

DAY-SPRING.



FOR loe! the world's great Shepheard here is borne,
A blessed babe, an infant full of power:
After long night, uprisen is the morne,
Renowning Bethlehem in the Saviour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seene afarre:
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which winter cannot marre.
In David's citie doth this Sunne appeare,
Clouded in flesh: yet shepheards sit we here.

EDMUND BOLTON.





EVENING.

COME, Evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, not needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clust'ring gems;

A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit:
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

COWPER.

TO NIGHT.



SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Would'st thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY.

SONG OF THE PIXIES.



HEN Evening's dusky car,
Crowned with her dewy star,
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze,
Veiled from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or haply at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly bowered sequestered walk,
We listen to the enamoured rustics talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed Loves have hid their turtle nest;
Or, guide of soul-subduing power,
The glance, that from the half-confessing eye
Darts the fond question, or the soft reply.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;
Or, silent sandaled, pay our defter court,
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his wave, with loud, unquiet song,
Dashed o'er the rocky channel, froths along;
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

COLERIDGE.



ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales:

O nymph reserved! while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial love return;

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves,
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

COLLINS.

A SUMMER EVENING.



IS the "leafy month of June,"
And the pale and placid moon,
In the east her cresset rearing,
Tells that summer's eve is wearing;—
But the sun is lingering still
O'er the old, accustomed hill,
And condenses all his rays
In one broad, attempered blaze,—
Twilight's shadows deepening 'round him,—
Like a king when foes surround him,
Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!

See! the parting god of day
Leaves a trail upon his way,—
Like the memory of the dead
When the sainted soul is fled,—
And it chequers all the skies
With its bright, innumerous dyes.
Waves of clouds, all rich and glowing,
Each into the other flowing,
Pierced by many a crimson streak,
Like the blush on Beauty's cheek;
Here and there, dark purple tinges
Peering through their saffron fringes,
(Amethysts of price untold
Set in shrines of virgin gold),
And, anon, a dewy star,
Twinkling from blue depths afar,

Bright as Woman's tearful eye
When she weeps, she scarce knows why!

Not a sound disturbs the hush
Save the mountain-torrent's gush,
As it struggles, with a bound,
From the depth of shades profound;
Now through tangled brushwood straying
Now o'er velvet moss delaying,
Lapsing now in parted streams,
Like a youthful poet's dreams,
And, anon, their haven won,
Gently gliding into one!
Cooling breezes bathe the brow
With delicious fragrance now;
Incense sweet from many a bower;
Odours from each closing flower;
Swell upon the rising gale,
On the charmed sense prevail,
Till the pulse forgets to move,
And the soul is "drunk with love!"

ALARIC A. WATTS.

EVENING.



THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting past in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
  Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
  And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
  And whirled about the pavement of the town.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
  By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled—but
  Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

SHELLEY.

———o———

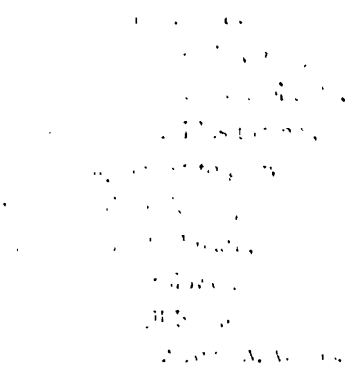
EVENING.



T was a rich, bright, tranquil summer's eve;
  The sun was resting on the horizon's verge;
The distant mountains, wearing crowns of gold,
  Like vassal kings, arose to guard his throne;
  And every object there appeared to grow
Instinct with softer beauty. On the gale,
Through the half-open lattice, came the breath,
The honied breath, of many a fragrant flower,
Closing its sweet eyes on day's farewell beam.

ALARIC A. WATTS.







BRIDAL BALLAD.

I.

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

II.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,

I felt my bosom swell,
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed *his*, who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

III.

But he spoke to reassure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead, D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

IV.

And thus the words were spoken,
And thus the plighted vow;
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That *proves* me happy now!

V.

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream, I know not how;
And my soul is sorely shaken,
Lest an evil step be taken,—
Lest the dead, who is forsaken,
May not be happy now!

E. A. Poe.

EULALIE.

I.



DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride,—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

II.

Ah! less—less bright
The stars of the night,
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapour can make,
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless curl.

III.

Now doubt—now pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarte within the sky;
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

E. A. Poe.

ANNABEL LEE.

I.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—

Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

VI.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling, my life, and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

E. A. Poe.

BRIDAL DIRGE.



THE bride is dead! The bride is dead!
Cold and frail, and fair she lieth:
Wrapped is she in sullen lead;
And a flower is at her head;
And the breeze above her sigheth,
Thorough night and thorough day,
"Fled away!—Fled away!"

Once,—but what can that avail,—
Once, she wore within her bosom
Pity, which did never fail,
A hue that dashed the lily pale;
And upon her cheek a blossom
Such as yet was never known:
—All is past and overthrown!

Mourn! the sweetest bride is dead,
And her knight is sick with sorrow,
That her bloom is "lapped in lead:"
Yet he hopeth, fancy-fed,
He may kiss his love to-morrow.
But the breezes—what say they?
—"Fled away!—Fled away:"





THE GREEK MOTHER.

"OH, mother! mother! on the height
I see a cloud arise;
And, look! against that speck of light
My father's standard flies.
Hark! surely 'tis the tramp of steeds
The night-breeze bears along,
Above the whisper of the reeds,
Above the owlet's song."

The mother turned—her wild eyes shone,
Closer she clasped her boy;
She looked, and from her face was gone
The passing gleam of joy:
"My child, I only see the moon
That rises red and clear;
The shrill cicada's nightly tune
Is all the sound I hear.

"Far distant is the battle-plain,
And heavy was the fight;
My little ones, we watch in vain,
He will not come to-night."
Silent, the elder sister turned
Her large and wondering eyes;
But her young brother's bold cheek burned
With anger's crimson dyes:

"I would I were a man!" he cried,
"And here I would not stay,
But seek my noble father's side
In thickest of the fray.
And I would teach this good right hand
Its youthful strength to try;
Not one in all our patriot band
Should be more bold than I!"

The mother mournfully replied,
"Rest, my Alexis, rest!
Many like thee have fought and died,
And Greece is still oppressed.

Hush! talk no more of deadly war,
But, till the dawn of day
Bring home your father from afar,
My children, let us pray."

The morning breezes stirred the vine,
The moon rose high, and set,
And low before the Virgin's shrine
Mother and babes knelt yet.
Ah, they may list each sound that strays,
And ope the fast-barred door,
And through the vine-hung lattice gaze—
The father comes no more!

MISS MULOCK.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.



THEY may not weep who gaze on thee!
It dries the source of tears,
Like some remembered melody
Unheard for many years;
That, as a ghost, steals out again
From some dim chamber in the brain,
And waves the weary-hearted back—
O'er many a dark and wasted track—
Back to the half-forgotten bowers
Where hope, in boyhood, gathered flowers.

Young mother! oh, how long they haunt
The after-paths of time,

The mother's low yet happy chaunt,
  Whose memory—like the chime
Of church-bells—consecrates the air,
And calls the spirit home to prayer;
The smile that—then when all things smiled
  Was ever like none other;
The kiss—oh, kisses warm and wild,-
  But not like thine, young mother!–
May burn the brain, and waste the breast,
Thine only lullabied to rest;
And give the lip a poison-hue,
Where thine fell down, like dew!

And oh! how beautifully bright,
  Upon thy glad young brow,
The matron-coronal, whose light
  Lies hallowing all things now;
Till all that was too much of earth
  Is winnowed from thy sighs,
And love that had a mortal birth
  Is tending to the skies.
Though fair thy virgin-years might be,
  How far more fair thou *art;*
A mother's hopes have twined, for thee,
  A cestus of the heart,
That flings a glow more rich and warm
O'er every consecrated charm!
Sweet thoughts, beneath thy baby's spells,
  Across thy fancy throng,
As nightingales, where echo dwells,
  Breathe out their sweetest song!

And thou—whose resting-place is still
A gentle mother's breast—
Take out, by love's untainted rill,
Thy sweet and pleasant rest;
Or look for visions like the sky's
Within her fond and sanguine eyes,—
Those telescopes, where sun and star
Seem nearer than, in truth, they are!
The world has no such future bed,
Nor any dream so sweet,
When, with its storms above thy head,
Its graves beneath thy feet,
Thine early home shall seem to thee
Some scene of vanished faëry;
When thou, perchance, shalt sit apart,
To sorrow o'er thy silent heart,
A dial, with its sunlight gone,
That only speaks when shone upon!

A mother's love!—that gushing spring
That sends a sweet and silver stream
(Beneath whose low, dim murmuring
The soul lies down, to dream
Of vanished good, from present ill,
When all its other harps are still!)
Along life's dull and narrow vale
To haunt us, like an ancient tale,
And on our path, where'er we roam,
Go, singing of its home!
(Like Arethusa's rill, of old,
That, through the earth, and through the sea,

Led on its waters, sweet and cold,
  In unstained purity;
And rose as fresh as at its spring,
From all its long, dark journeying.)
And oh! how fondly, on its brink,
When other streams are dried away,
The thirsty spirit kneels to drink
  And listen to its lay,—
Its sweet, sad lay, that steals along,
At once a sorrow and a song;
That, with a voice of sadness, cheers,
And makes us glad, through tears!
Oh, might we trace its upward course,
And wander backward to its source,
On that bright upland, far away,
Where hopes, like fairies, used to play;
Hopes that—like fairies when they part—
Left withered rings about the heart!

Young mother! 'tis a joy to creep,—
  When many joys are gone,—
Back to the grave of hope, and weep
  Where memory keeps the stone!
Till, soothed by voices from the tomb,
And chastened by the church-yard gloom,
The spirit comes abroad, to see
That earth has, still, such forms as thee!
To find, amid the paths of life,
The friend, the mother, and the wife;
And feel—the world, whose sun is set,
Is full of moonlight beauty yet!

T. K. Hervey.



ODE ON MAY MORNING.

WHEN from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
Shakes off that pearly shower.
All nature welcomes her, whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes;

Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day;
  Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
  The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmly air, to still
  The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
  At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades,
  Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
  Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
  Man changes, but not thou!

Thy feathered lieges, bill and wings,
  In love's disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
  Awake to silent joy:
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
  Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunts
  Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
  Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
  To honour thee, sweet May!
Where cities, fanned by thy brisk airs,
  Behold a smokeless sky,

Their puniest flower-pot nursling dares
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song, and dance, and game;
Still, from the village-green, a vow
Aspires, to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes; where Love nestles thou canst teach
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before.
Stript is the haughty one of pride,
The bashful freed from fear;
While, rising like the ocean tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse
The service to prolong!
To yon exulting thrush, the Muse
Entrusts the imperfect song;
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
The sovereignty of May.

WORDSWORTH.

TO MAY.



THOUGH many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are, who to a birth-day strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore, throughout thy reign,
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh, for a deathless song, to meet
The soul's desire; a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power,
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dreariest hour!

Earth, sea, thy presence feel; nor less
If yon ethereal blue,
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man, if glad,
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,

How many wan and faded cheeks
  Have kindled into health!
The old, by thee revived, have said,
  "Another year is ours;"
And wayworn wanderers, poorly fed,
  Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who, tripping, lisps a merry song
  Amid his playful peers?
The tender infant, who was long
  A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
  Is quiet in its sheath,
His mother leaves him free to taste
  Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
  Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
  Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
  That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
  And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
  When May is whispering, "Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
  The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
  From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,

Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Lo! streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling, with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon house of God
Gleams, 'mid the peace of this deep dale,
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not, for one hour,
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much
Part seen, imagined part!

WORDSWORTH.





THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters, murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse that hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets;
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,

The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge there grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind, and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew not drained yet by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple, prankt with white.
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak, that overhung the hedge,
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the hours
Within my hand; and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

SHELLEY.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.



FLATTERED with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is Summer, riding high
In fierce solstitial power;
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays, with golden sheaves,
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits, and forest leaves,
All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty Autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of Winter rushing in, to close
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter; and Life touch,
Through heaven-born hope, her end!

WORDSWORTH.

THE POOR MAN'S MAY.



SWEET May! they tell me thou art come:
Thou art not come to *me;*
I cannot spare a single hour,
Sweet May! to welcome thee.
God knows how hard I've worked this week,
To earn my children bread;
And, see, we have an empty board,—
My children are unfed.

And art thou still the same sweet May
My childhood loved so well,
When, humming like a happy bee
Along some primrose dell,
I thought, oh! what a lovely world
Is this, dear God has given,
And wondered any one should seek
For any other heaven?

The hawthorn buds are come again,
And apple-blossoms too;
And all the idle, happy birds
May sing the long day through.
The old green lane awakes once more,
And looks, perhaps, for me;
Alas! green lane, my heart may die—
I cannot come to thee!

JOHN SAUNDERS.



SEA-NYMPHS.

BRAVELY ride the Ocean-Daughters,
When tempests lash the bounding waters;
Their music then is the thunder's crash,
And their midnight torch the lightning flash;
Then they garland their reeking locks
With the weeds that are torn from the streaming rocks;
And as he sees them shine through the gloom,
The mariner deems them wreaths of foam,
And breathes a prayer, that the next wild wave
May not prove his gallant vessel's grave.

Gracefully ride the Ocean-Daughters,
When moonlight floods the sleeping waters;

Then the lotus that opens at night
Is wreathed in their tresses, soft and bright,
The breeze that kisses the swelling sea
Is their best joyous minstrelsy;
And they snatch at the stars when they see them glow
In the liquid depths of the tide below;
Or chase the sword-fish in merry glee,
As they start through the still waves wild and free.

But fairest far are the Ocean-Daughters
When noontide sleeps on the quivering waters;
Then they cluster, like breathing flowers,
On their watery couch in those dreamy hours;
Whispering soft tales, 'mid the listening waves,
Of the sea-gods who dwell in their coral caves—
Tales such as earthly maidens tell
Of those whom they love, and who love them well;
One to the other murmuring low,
What must not be heard in the depths below.

Crowned with pearls, and draped in mist,
Tenderly by the sun-beams kissed,
Just where the rainbow spans the sea,
A triad of these sisters see!
Nought reck they of the cark and care
Of the toiling earth, or the fitful air;
Dreams of love, and forms of grace,
Fill up for them the realms of space;
And blithely, o'er the heaving waters,
Swells out the song of the Ocean-Daughters.

MISS PARDOE.

THE HAUNTED LAKE.

NOW, with religious awe, the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of the night;
Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
And round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw,
Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray,
Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall;
Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale,
Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.
With restless interchange, at once the bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze
On lovelier spectacles in faery days;
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
Brushing, with lucid wands, the water's face;
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.
—The lights are vanished from the watery plains:
No wreck of all the pageantry remains;
Unheeded night has overcome the vales;
On the dark earth the wearied vision fails;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone, black fir, forsakes the faded plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;
And towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
Ah, no! as fades the vale, they fade away:
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

* * * * *

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock, tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep;
The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
The boat's first motion, made with dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl,
And, at long intervals, the mill-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

WORDSWORTH.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.



IT was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A languid music haunted everywhere,
Like those with which a summer eve abounds
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air;
The tall, silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the sleeping sunbeam's glare;
The dreamy river chimed its under-song,
And took its own free course without a care;
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,
Until the valley throbbed beneath their lays,
And echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the summer-beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such loving sisters, and the boughs long-leaved
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
On tip-toe tripped along a sunlit glade;

Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
And half shook down her silken circling braid;
Her back-blown scarf an archéd rainbow made;
She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling;
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling:
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore;
Sinking, like flowers at eve, beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

THOMAS MILLER.









TO THE RIVER LEA.

IF by thy banks, O gently winding stream,
No minstrel chords in ecstasy have rung;
Nor child of Art, in Inspiration's dream,
O'er thy glassed wave with airy pencil hung;
To one, at least, the quivering sallows pale,
And rustling sedge, and fields with king cups gay,
Which fringe thy course through many a low-browed vale,
(When Memory summons back life's long-past May),
Rise fraught with magic influence. Joy and peace
On thy green verge, mild flood, and waters be!
And when this hand, unstrung from toil, shall cease,
May hundreds still, in happy childhood free,
Taste the same sweets from cloudless youth's increase,
As I, when sporting once untired, by thee.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

THE WAIL OF THE RIVER.

WHAT saith the river to the rushes grey,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
Who can tell the whispered things they say?
Youth, and time, and manhood's prime,
For ever, ever fled away!

Cast your withered garlands in the stream;
Low autumnal branches,
Round the skiff that launches,
Wavering downward through the lands of dream,
Ever, ever fled away!
This the burden, this the theme.

What saith the river to the rushes grey,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending?
It is near the closing of the day.
Near the night. Life and light
For ever, ever fled away!

Draw him tideward down; but not in haste.
Mouldering daylight lingers;
Night, with her cold fingers,
Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea-waste.
Ever, ever fled away!
Vainly cherished! vainly chased!

What saith the river to the rushes grey,
Rushes sadly bending,
River slowly wending,
Where in darkest glooms his bed we lay?
Up the cave moans the wave,
For ever, ever fled away!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A RIVER IN FLOOD.



N their wild route from the mountains,
From the gorges, and the caves,
Where the deluge-forges slaver,
And the pent squall howls and raves;
Where the fanged ravines are wrangling
With the furious torrent's force,
Till, like foaming serpents tangling,
They twist downward in their course.

Swallowing up the gorse in throatfuls,
Tugging at the rooted pines,
Shivering rocky cells asunder,
Where the gold-gnome sows his mines.
Ho! the headlong floods are coming,
Like to armied monsters free,
With their broken chains all foam-flecked,
As they rage on to the sea.

There, there where the land would lock them
In a foeman's strong embrace;

Hark! how they roar with vengeance!
How they tear their bearded face!
How the huge rocks fly before them!
And the trees die on their breast,
Stretching out their limbs, all lifeless,
'Mid the yellow, mantling yeast.

And the marsh-bird tips the torrent,
But, with sudden, upward spring,
Flies the danger, drenched all over,
Barely saved by nervous wing.
Beds of leaves, like stately carpets,
Swim along the watery waste,
Breaking into bronzy fragments
In their heedless, hurrying haste;
Whilst the brute-flood loudly mutters,
In his armed waters, strong;
And, like distant victor-thunder,
Hums his hoarse, deep-chested song.

Vainly does the pale moon woo him,
And the clustering stars of night;
Heeds he naught the peerless lady,
Nor her sweet nymphs, fair and bright.
And he hates the doting willows,
As they fawn down at his feet,
With their long hair all dishevelled,
As they join his wave-men fleet.

For the flood is a barbarian—
Tawny, bearded, rude, and bold,

With a brawn as dark as iron,
And a heart as hard and cold;
And he carries sword and cestus,
And, with body stark and bare,
Ever gasping, calleth earthward,
For a foe to do or dare.
And he dashes his huge form
Against bend, and bank, and keep;
And he loves to meet a barricade
And to clear it at a leap!
Or to sweep it with a cannonade,
All shotted close with foam,
And with a roar of victory
To charge it fiercely home!

Then, on again, all mane-tossed,
Till he meets the mighty sea;
But ah! then he proves a coward,
As such braggarts ever be.
And *that* trampler of the rivulet—
That roarer at the skies—
'Fore the waves of the great ocean,
Like a trembling dell-wind, cries.
And he yields his refted plunder,
And he cowers beneath the tide;
And so, like a scourged oppressor,
He disgorges all his pride!
Till then the meanest, meaner,
And at his captor's beck,
He guides the foot that tramps him,
Mired and muddy, to his neck!

Thus, may the peasant's master,
  Take a lesson from the flood,
When he tramps his princedom faster
  Than is for the people's good.
Let him know there's One awaits him,
  Ay, already at his door:
The pride-slayer—the Almighty—
  The avenger of the poor!

THOMAS DAVIS.

STREAMLETS.

THROUGH the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above;
All we hope, and all we love,
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

SHELLEY, *from* GOETHE.





THE PRAYER OF CHILDHOOD.

IT is a sight the heart to thrill
With many a thought of early years;
It is a sight the eye to fill
With long-unused, delicious tears;
It is a sight to look upon
With sighs for life's long, erring road;
To send us to a Father's throne,
And lift our stubborn hearts to God!

Oh! who can mark those faces mild,
Those upturned eyes of earnest love,
Nor long to be again a child,
Raising a sinless prayer above?
I gaze, till every hallowed feeling
Of bygone years returns to me;—
Once more I am an infant kneeling
Beside my gentle mother's knee.

Once more she bends—that gentle mother—
The guileless lips' devotions o'er;
Once more, thy little arm, my brother,
Entwines my neck, as heretofore;
Once more, as when our prayers ascended
At morn and eve, a mingled strain,
Two young pure hearts together blended—
Ah, ne'er to be so pure again.

The world's cold clouds have dimmed that morrow,
Yet, gazing on this lovely scene,
Who would not turn from present sorrow,
To muse on peace that once had been?
They pray, untouched by care or ill,
With brows as calm as summer even;
Their eyes' clear depths retaining still
Some radiance from their native heaven.

They pray;—upon those parted lips
Truth's simple spirit sits alone;
The world hath cast no dim eclipse
Betwixt them and their Maker's throne:

They pray, and then the kind "Good-night,"
The loving kiss, shall end the prayer;
And theirs will be a slumber light,
With God's own blessing resting there.

ANON.

TO A CHILD.

O CHILD! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years!
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm;

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
  Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
  Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
  Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept; I breathe again;
  Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
  Beside me watch, to see thy waking smile?

LONGFELLOW.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight;
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,

Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys;
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest:
This, thy present happy lot,
This, in time will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

A. PHILIPS.

THE CHRISTENING.



ET, though so prudent, there were times of joy,
The day they wed, the christening of the boy,
When to the wealthier farmers there was shown
Welcome unfeigned, and plenty like their own;
For Susan served the great, and had some pride
Among our topmost people to preside:

* * * * *

When grave, conceited nurse, of office proud,
Bore the young Christian, roaring, through the crowd.

CRABBE.



[illegible]



BOYHOOD.

AWAKE, ye sweet and shadowy thoughts that bring
Remembrance o'er me of the happy vale,
Whose rocks and woody dells were wont to ring
With the wild glee of years I now bewail!
Ever the west wind there, with dripping wing,
Leaving the chafed waves, the riven sail,
In its calm glens secluded, loved to rest,
And gather softness from its peaceful breast!

Though sad, alas! 'tis soothing to recall,
Amid the scenes of youth, its lapsed stream
Of joys; to hear familiar voices fall;
And see long-vanished forms around us gleam:
To recognise the echo of each hall,
And all the loved localities, that teem
Upon the eager sight. This, this might break
The callousness of hearts nought else could wake.

I picture me the tiny boy, afield,
Exultingly astride his bridled cane;
How well the urchin loves the whip to wield!
Thou, heedless hobby! can'st not feel its pain;
But to a bolder charger thou must yield,
For, lo! the house-dog trails his linkéd rein;
Ah, happy wight! and can it, can it be,
That I was once a careless child like thee?

But seek we now the hedge-rows thickening green,
And let us watch him in his joyous quest,
Halting where'er is woven the closest screen,
Each tuft appearing still the wished-for nest;
Yonder, full many a spring, the thrush unseen
Hath reared her brood; ah! mark her labouring breast
As the rude boy draws near; the sharp, shrill cry
That wrings the flutterer's bosom hovering by.

Oft will he follow, on the "furrowed lea,"
The cheery ploughman whistling to his team;
And strain his lip to join in symphony;
Or from the willow that o'er-weeps the stream

Shape the shrill pipe, and be the loudest, he—
Long looks he for the sun's receding beam,
That, mounted on old Dobbin, he may guide
Him through the cleansing stream, and homeward ride.

Up by the shallow rivulet he waits,
Wending its way through broken glen and brake;
And oft his stealthy hand insinuates
Beneath the slippery stone, intent to take
The spotted lurker; or with barbéd baits,
Casts the long line, from well-concealed stake,
Where the broad river sleeps; thither the morn
On winged expectancy shall see him borne.

Lo! from the school, like eager flocks unpenned,
A rush of happy hearts—their toil gone by;—
And to the pond with flickering steps they wend;
The bold plunge quickly in; the fearful lie
Upon the sunny brink, or shuddering, send
Half-feigned shrieks ashore, their knees yet dry!
And *he* is there, amid the mirthful rout,
Mingling his happy voice with every shout!

Now to the field, for sports, like swarming bees,
The little band, with busy humming veers;
Some in the vacant swing, from yonder trees
Which Spring has clothed with twice a hundred years,
Cleave the dull air, awake the fanning breeze;
Some climb the lofty trunks, scornful of fears;
While some more timid, on the green turf lie,
And urge the adventurous as they upward ply.

On the smooth green, or round the aged oak,
For future deeds their facile limbs are strung,
Stretched in the eager race, or mimic yoke,
Or in the heating wrestle fiercely flung.
Now by some sudden strife their game is broke;
But soon anew the peal of pleasure rung;
For, with revived pastime peace returns,
And every little heart with transport burns.

Visions of youth, and thou sweet vale, farewell!
Scenes of my boyhood's guileless sports, adieu!
How does my heart with aching rapture swell,
As thus, in dreams, I tread your haunts anew.
Nor will I seek these musings sweet to quell,
To scare such visions from my mental view;
Though Memory's glass but gives me back again
Thoughts of the past, whose very bliss is pain!

Literary Souvenir.

—o—

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door
I hear a foot-fall on the chamber stair:

I'm stepping towards the hall,
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid,
Under the coffin lid,
Closed are his eyes—cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispered that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead,
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care;
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, gay break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
When at first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying,
For our boy's spirit—though he is not there!

Not there! where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! in all the past
He lives! nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written—"Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod,
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our joy to find that—he is there!

ANONYMOUS.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?—
Then mayst thou mete a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?

Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?—
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on his errands of industry?
The bee for himself hath gathered and toiled,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

There are teachings in earth, and sky, and air—
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

EMILY TAYLOR.

STANZAS.



THOUGHT is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie:
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer-stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
  Which they never drew from earth:—

We, like parted drops of rain,
  Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

CRANCH.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.



SING unto my roundelay!
O drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more on holiday;
Like a running river be;
My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his throat as the summer snow,
Red his cheek as the morning light,—
Cold he lies in the grave below;
My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,—
O, he lies by the willow-tree!
My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briery dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go;

My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky;
Whiter than the evening cloud;
My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

With my hands I'll twist the briers,
Round his holy corpse to gre;
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heartis blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead!
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree!

Water-witches, crowned with reeds,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits!
—Thus the damsel spoke, and died.

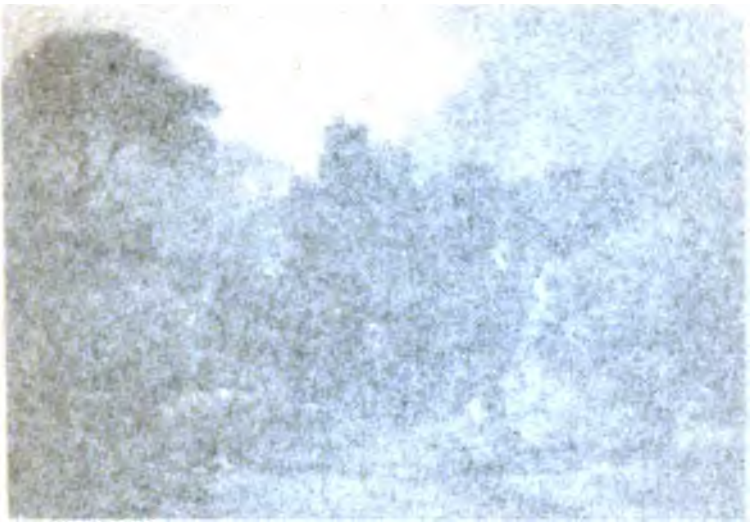
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

MY WOODLAND LOVE.

WELCOME, bat and owlet grey,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me you say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair;
Her breath is on the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whispered sound
That steals along the stilly ground
O dawn of day! in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour?
O noon of day! in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night?

JOANNA BAILLIE.





CASTLE CAMPBELL.

BEHIND us tower the Ochils green,
Before us winds the waveless sea;
And there we greet, superbly seen,
Grey Castle Campbell, thee!
By the grim storm clouds overcast,
Even like a spectre of the past,
Of rapine, feudal strife, and blood,
Thou tellest an old, wild, warlike story,
When squadrons on thy ramparts stood,
With spear and shield, in martial glory!

Far in the night of ages back,
Castle of Gloom, thy pile arose,

When, spurning legislation's track,
  Each strath contained both friends and foes;
Then passed unto Macaillian More
The drawbridge of thine entrance o'er;
And, while within Dunfermline grey
  Each Celtic chief his chief attended,
Power, pomp, and pride could'st thou display,
  Than royalty's alone less splendid.

Then often here, where only now
  We list the trickling of the rill,
The green leaf rustling on the bough,
  The music of the linnet's bill,—
With quivered back, and levelled spear,
The early hunters chased the deer
Through grove and glen with wild halloo,
  Starting from eyrie high the eagle;
And bugle's shrill reveillé blew,
  And soared the hawk, and bayed the beagle.

The times have altered: to the north
  The gillies of Argyle have gone;
And on thy battlements gleam forth
  The wild flowers, where their tartans shone.
The days of chivalry have fled;
The red claymore is scabbarded:
No more for foray, or for feud,
  The fiery-cross a summons blazes,
And here, alone, on dark, green wood
  And ruined walls, the traveller gazes!

D. M. Moir.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

TIME-HALLOWED pile! no more, no more
Thou hear'st the hostile cannon roar;
No more bold chiefs thy drawbridge pace,
To battle, tournament, or chase;
No more the valiant man thy towers;
No more the lovely grace thy bowers;
Nor bright eyes smile o'er the guitar;
Nor the trump stirs bold hearts to war.

The falling meteor o'er thee shoots;
The dull owl in thy chambers hoots;
Now doth the creeping ivy twine,
Where once bloomed rose and eglantine;
And there, where once in rich array
Met lords, and knights, and ladies gay,
The bat is clinging to those walls,
And the fox nestles in those halls.

HENRY NERLE.

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

NOW I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow,

And swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence, ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me, trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And, beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!

Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;

So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,—
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state.
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

JOHN DYER.

THE CASTLE.

IT stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crowned by high woodlands, where the druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters as day awoke,—

The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
  Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
  In currents through the calmer waters spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
  And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade
  Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
  Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allayed,
  Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings, through the woods: now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

BYRON.



HAWKLAWN



HAWKING SONG.

I.

COME, let us away! The morn is bright;
The hills are steeped in a golden light;
And the sun, like a new-crowned king, looks forth
In festal pomp on the smiling earth.

II.

Come, let us away! The wars are done;
'Tis a noble field thy knight hath won;

His dinted shield on the wall is hung,
And his deeds in the minstrel's lays are sung!

III.

'Tis a time of peace, and the land is free;
The unherded cattle graze peacefully;
And the hermit sits in the forest shade,
No more of the coming foe afraid.

IV.

Then let us away! 'Tis many a year
Since thou and I rode hawking here;
Since we passed, in the pride of our youthful will,
As it liked us best, over holt or hill.

V.

Oh, I long to visit the merlin's glen,
And to ride by the druid-stone again;
And to see our birds, from the mountain's crown,
Bring, as of yore, their quarry down!

VI.

Thou know'st the well in the forest old,
Where the ancient crone our fortunes told;
'Twas a rhymed spell, and its burthen lay
In a clouded morn and a cloudless day.

VII.

We have seen the clouds part east and west,
And the day shine out on a land at rest;
And our crowned king, in his own domain,
Sit down on his father's throne again.

VIII.

Then let us away! I care not whither,
O'er hill or plain, so we wend together,
For 'tis greater joy with thee thus to ride,
Than as belted earl by a monarch's side.

MARY HOWITT.

HUNTING.

A THOUSAND vassals mustered round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with crossbow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebuss below;
While all the rocking hills reply
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely.

SCOTT.

LOVE HAWKING.



HO! a ho!
Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
His shafts are light as beauty's sighs,
And bright as midnight's lightest eyes;
And round his starry way
The swan-winged horses of the skies,
With summer's music in their manes,
Curve their fair necks to Zephyr's reins,
And urge their graceful play.

A ho! a ho!
Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
The sparrows flutter round his wrist,—
The feathery thieves that Venus kissed
And taught their morning song;
The linnets seek the airy list;
And swallows too, small pets of spring,
Beat back the gale with swifter wing,
And dart and wheel along.

A ho! a ho!
Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
Now woe to every gnat that skips
To filch the fruit of lady's lips!
His felon blood is shed;

And woe to flies, whose airy ships
On beauty cast their anchoring;
And bandit wasp, that naughty wight,
Whose sting is slaughter red.

BEDDOES.

TO A HAWK.

I.

HOW gallantly thy soaring wing
Hath won yon place on high!
And there remains, unwavering,
As if its home were in the sky.
Usurper! thence thou spread'st afar
Terror—like some portentous star.
The birds that skim the lower air,
To covert dark, with shrieks repair;
For well thy sudden swoop they know,
Thy lightning glance and deadly blow.
The leveret crouches close and still,
On rushy brake and sheltering hill;
With rustling wing, and fearful wail,
Slow round their young the plovers sail;
And Man's dim eye and giddy brain
Up to that dazzling height strain after thee in vain.

II.

Yet now, as o'er the city's walls
In sorrowing mood I bend,
Thy sight no piteous thought recalls,—
Thou seem'st an old, remembered friend.

And, while I gaze, my spirit flies,
Free as thy wing, to distant skies;
To thyme-clad wold, and valley dear,
Where oft I've watched thy proud career.
Again around my morning way,
Gentle, yet bold, my greyhounds play;
Again, at noon I throw me down
On silver grass, or heather brown,
And gild with young, poetic eye,
The meanest flower that blossoms nigh;
Or people the wild hills again
With thousand fairy forms,—Titania's peerless train.

III.

Ah, happy home! and must it be
For aye my mournful lot
To wander, restless, far from thee,—
To wish in vain, and win thee not?
Vain hope! and merciless as vain!
I will not make thee sport again:
Like yon fierce bird, thou seem'st to shine
A star of heaven, 'midst things divine;
Drawing the wretch's heart and eye,
Then dashing down, in mockery!
I'll look no more—I'll stoop to bear,
Patient and dull, my load of care.
My sickening heart abhors thy ray,
Which shines and lures but to betray!
Vain hope! thy fierce delusion's o'er,—
Patient I'll suffer on, and look to thee no more!

BARNARD.

Which mourned the power of time's or tempest's march.
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
  Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone:
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
  But in the war which struck Charles from the throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
  The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
  Shorn of its glass, of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
  Streaming from off the sun, like seraphs' wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
  The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their halleluiahs quenched like fire.

BYRON.

THE ABBEY ON THE SEA-SHORE.



IN Saxon strength the abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
  Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,

The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas;
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway;
Open to rovers fierce as they;
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

SCOTT.

—o—

KIRKSTALL ABBEY REVISITED.



ONG years have passed since last I strayed
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade
Day's latest, loveliest smile;
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon,
Sail up the sapphire skies of June.

The air around was breathing balm;
  The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
And as a sleeping infant, calm,
  The river streamed away,—
Devious as Error, deep as Love,
And blue and bright as heaven above.

Steeped in a flood of glorious light,
  Type of that hour of deep repose,
In wan, wild beauty, on my sight,
  Thy time-worn towers arose,
Brightening above the wreck of years,
Like Faith amid a world of fears.

I climbed its dark and dizzy stair,
  And gained its ivy-mantled brow;
But broken, ruined, who may dare
  Ascend that pathway now?
Life was an upward journey then,—
When shall my spirit mount again?

The steps in youth I loved to tread,
  Have sunk beneath the foot of Time;
Like them, the daring hopes that led
  Me, once to heights sublime,
Ambition's dazzling dreams are o'er,
And I may scale those heights no more!

And years have fled, and now I stand
  Once more by thy deserted fane,

Nerveless alike in heart and hand;
How changed by grief and pain,
Since last I loitered here, and deemed
Life was the fairy thing it seemed!

And gazing on thy crumbling walls,
What visions meet my mental eye,
For every stone of thine recalls
Some trace of years gone by,—
Some cherished bliss, too frail to last,
Some hope decayed, or passion past!

Ay, thoughts come thronging on my soul,
Of sunny youth's delightful morn;
When, free from sorrow's dark control,
By pining cares unworn,—
Dreaming of Fame and Fortune's smile,
I lingered in thy ruined aisle!

How many a wild and withering woe
Hath seared my trusting heart since then;
What clouds of blight, consuming slow
The springs that life sustain,
Have o'er my world-vexed spirit passed,
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!

How bright is every scene beheld
In youth and hope's unclouded hours!
How darkly—youth and hope dispelled—
The loveliest prospect lours!

Thou wert a splendid vision then;—
When wilt thou seem so bright again?

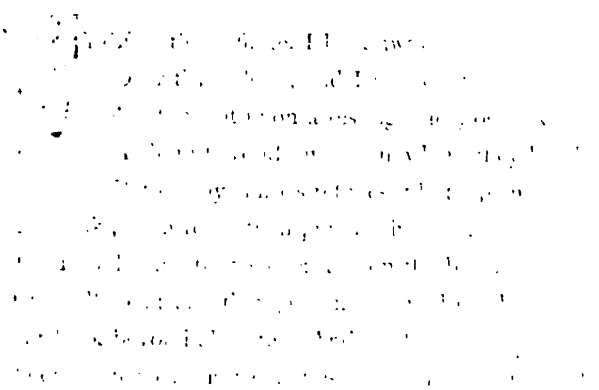
Yet still thy turrets drink the light
  Of summer-evening's softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
  Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous, as of old,
Thy wandering river glides in gold!

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,
  That made thee seem so more than fair,
The aspirations wild and high,
  The soul to nobly dare,—
Oh, where are they, stern ruin, say?
Thou dost but echo— *Where are they?*

Farewell!—Be still to other hearts
  What thou wert long ago to mine;
And when the blissful dream departs,
  Do thou a beacon shine,
To guide the mourner through his tears,
To the blest scenes of happier years.

Farewell!—I ask no richer boon,
  Than that my parting hour may be
Bright as the evening skies of June!
  Thus—thus to fade like thee,
With heavenly Faith's soul-cheering ray
To gild with glory, my decay!

ALARIC A. WATTS.





THE SEA.

TYPE of the Infinite, I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till 'tis pain
To think; then rests, then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, oh! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast rolled:

Before an ear did hear thee, thou did'st mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn,
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou did'st it well! the dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

DANA.

THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.



T is the midnight hour: the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer, murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away.
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze,
In the centre of the loneliest seas,
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty moon, she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,

A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright;
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day!
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbéd reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness, for her couch of rest!

JOHN WILSON.

THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast,
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendour wins thee not;
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark, distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee,—o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touched the beacon steep,
And all the golden woods:
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light;—

What spell, from that rich pageantry,
  Chains down thy gazing sight?

A chastening thought of human cares,
  A feeling, linked to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
  The loved of many a hearth?
Oh, do not hope, and grief, and fear
  Crowd her frail world, even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
  Follow her venturous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
  The glittering seas below;
But we are bound by chords of love
  To kindred weal and woe!
Therefore, amidst this wide array
  Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way,
  For human hearts are there.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE OCEAN AT REST.

ON such an eve, perchance, as this,
  When not a zephyr skims the deep,
And sea-birds rest upon the abyss,
  Scarce by its heaving rocked to sleep,—
On such an eve as this, perchance,
Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

The languid ocean, scarce at all
  Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing;
The lucid wavelets, as they fall,
  The sunny beach, in whispers, kissing,
Leave not a furrow,—as they say
Oft haps when pleasure ebbs away.

Full many a broad, but delicate tint,
  Is spread upon the liquid plain;
Hues rich as aught from fancy's mint,
  Enamelled meads, or golden grain;
Flowers submarine, or purple heath,
Are mirrored from the world beneath.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,
  Gems the still water's tranquil breast;
Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling
  Its parent in the shadowy east;
It seems so pure, so bright the trace,—
As sea and sky had changed their place.

Hushed is the loud tongue of the deep:—
  Yon glittering sail, far o'er the tide,
Amidst its course appears to sleep;
  We watch, but only know it glide
Still on, by a bright track, afar,
Like genius, or a falling star!

DOUBLEDAY.

22029B

THE SEA IN CALM.

VARIOUS and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun,
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, or evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks in ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye.

Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light-twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion, swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.

CRABBE.





THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

OH, poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain;
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain!

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win,
They hardly know how labour is the penalty of sin;
Even as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share,
They walk among life's pleasant ways, and never know a care.

The children of the poor man—though they be young, each one,
Early in the morning they are up before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set, their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with pride;
The sunshine of the summer's day, the flowers on the highway-side,
Or their own free companionship, on the heathy common wide.

Hunger, and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful three;
But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty:—
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills—a thousand flocks and more,
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly,—they were the rich man's store;
There was, the while, one little lamb beside a cottage door:

A little lamb, that did lie down with the children, 'neath the tree;
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to their knee;
That had a place within their hearts, as one of the family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon their head,
The father laboured all day long, that the children might be fed;
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them bread.

That father, with a down-cast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued,
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he, "'twill buy us food?

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-dropping head
Each does his small craft mournfully!—the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring, must go, to buy us bread!"

It went—oh, parting has a pang, the hardest heart to wring,
But the tender soul of a little child, with fervent love, doth cling,
With love, that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing!

Therefore, most sorrowful it was, those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for their pet, so piteously;—
"Oh, mother dear! it loveth us; and what beside have we?"

"Let's take him to the broad green hills," in his impotent despair,
Said one strong boy, "Let's take him off, the hills are wide and fair;
I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there!"

'Twas vain! they took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast, and, o'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the morrow,
From everything about the house a mournful thought did borrow;
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sorrow!

Ah, poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain!
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child, with heavy sighs complain!

MARY HOWITT.

THE DEAD LAMB.



THE shepherd saunters past: but why
Comes with him, pace for pace,
That ewe; and why, so piteously
Looks up the creature's face?

Swung in his careless hand, she sees
(Poor ewe!) a dead, cold weight,
The little one, her soft, warm fleece,
So fondly cherished late.

But yesterday no happier dam
Ranged o'er those pastures wide
Than she, fond creature, when the lamb
Was sporting by her side.

It was a new-born thing: the rain
Poured down all night; its bed
Was drenched and cold. Morn came again,
But the poor lamb was dead.

Yet the poor mother's fond distress
Its every art had tried,
To shield, with sleepless tenderness,
The weak one at her side.

Round it, all night, she gathered warm
Her woolly limbs—her head
Close-curved, across its feeble form;
Day dawned, and it was dead.

She saw it dead; she felt, she knew
  It had no strength, no breath,
Yet how could she conceive—poor ewe!
  The mystery of death!

It lay before her, stiff and cold,
  Yet fondly she essayed
To cherish it in love's warm fold:
  Then restless trial made,

Moving, with still reverted face,
  And low, complaining bleat,
To entice from their damp resting-place
  Those little, stiffening feet.

All would not do, when all was tried:
  Love's last fond lure was vain:
So quietly by its dead side
  She laid her down again.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast; the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me, I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb, with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep, nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

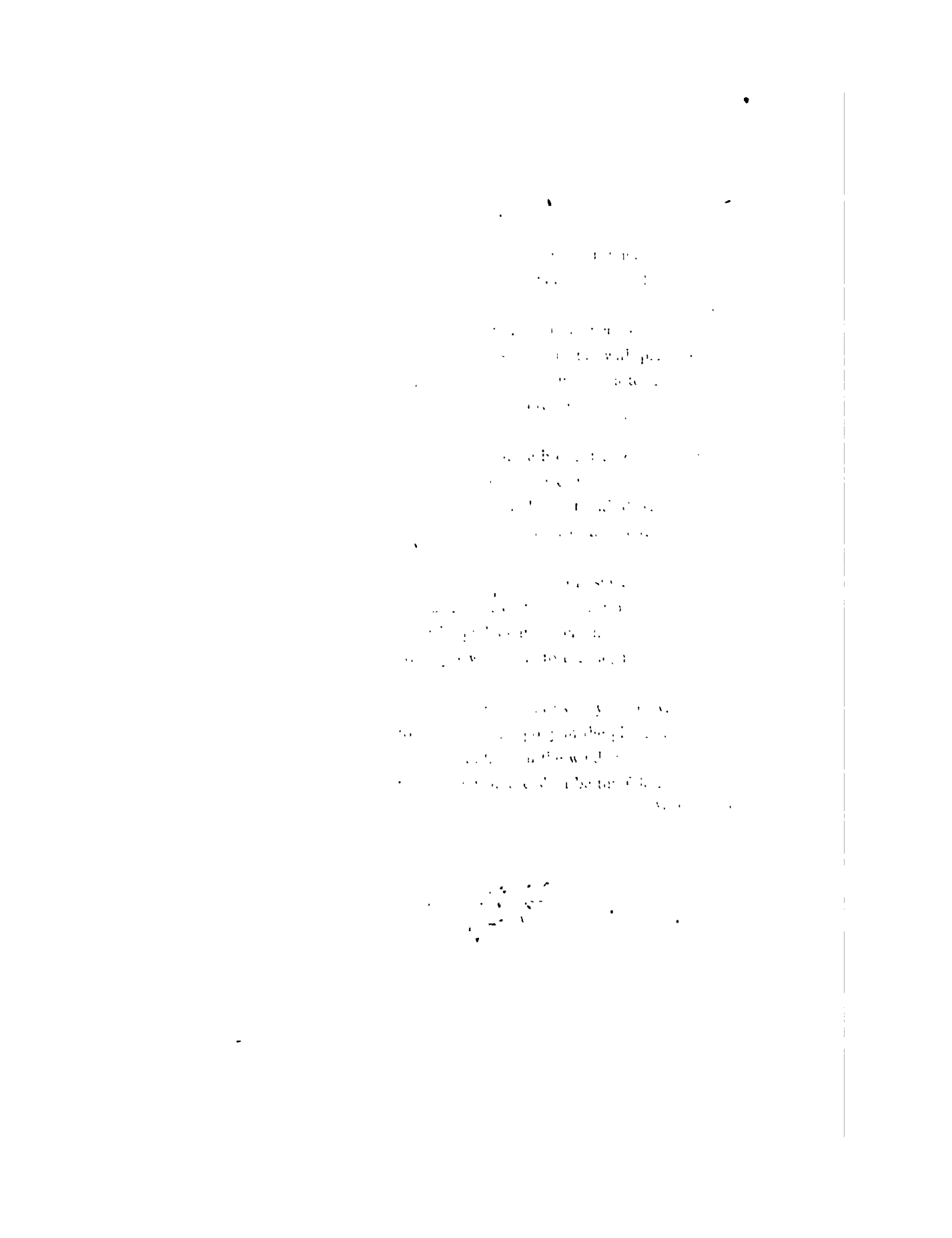
"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee, in this can,
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and, when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold!"

WORDSWORTH.







Painted by G. S. Newton. Engraved by J. H. Robinson.

A SPANISH LADY.

SHE touched the silver strings, while her dark eye
Grew to more perfect beauty, when the sigh
Passed from the chords sweet as it loved the hand
Ruling their music with such soft command.
At first the notes were tremulous, like the break
Of rising colour on her delicate cheek,
And varying, till at last their timid tone
Fixed on an ancient air; such ones are known
To the dove's nest, or to the olive wood,
Where hath the nightingale her solitude.

Her song found words, it was like the "sweet south,"
Breathing in odours from her rosebud mouth.
It was an old song, of love and sorrow made,
And sang so touchingly that it betrayed
Those sad, deep thoughts, which haunt the youthful heart
By nature mournful.

G. S. NEWTON.

———o———

ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.



S the moon's soft splendour,
O'er the faint, cold, starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender,
To the strings without soul, has given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night.
No leaf will be shaken,
While the dews of thy melody will scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling
Are one.

SHELLEY.

TO A LADY, SINGING.

OH, breathe, melodious minstrel, once again
Thy soul-entrancing song! Responsive tears
Attest thy power. Thy gentle voice appears
Like sounds of summer eve, or some sweet strain
That wildly haunts the visionary brain,
Or charms the slumbering mourner. Vanished years
That Time's dim twilight hallows and endears,
Return like shadows o'er the trembling moon
Beneath the lunar beam. Then waken still
Those magic notes with more than music fraught.
Angelic harmonies! Each echo seems
A spell from heaven by skill celestial wrought
To cheer the clouded mind, the sad heart thrill
With sacred memories, and delightful dreams

RICHARDSON.

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

AGAIN, sweet siren, breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain,
Whose melting tones of tender woe
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
That bathes the pinks and hare-bells blue
Which, in the vales of Teviot, blow.

Oh! if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits, half unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng,

'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-toned music of the soul
That warbles in our Scottish song,

I hear, I hear, with awful dreah,
The plaintive music of the dead!
They leave the amber fields of day
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round the mermaid's cave,
They mingle in the magic lay.

Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charmed away mine infant tears:
Fond memory shall your strain repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That, in the wild, the traveller hears.

JOHN LEYDEN.

INVOCATION TO MUSIC.

OH, Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Layest thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved, Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power.
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native, simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page.
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound,—
Oh, bid our vain endeavour cease;
Revive the just designs of Grace:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

———o———

TO A SOLEMN MUSIC.



BLEST pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ.
Dead things with inbreathed sense, able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud, uplifted, angel-trumpets blow;

And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
    Singing everlastingly:
That we, on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
Oh, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God, ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of night!

MILTON.

HEAVENLY MUSIC.



UCH music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook:
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close!

MILTON.



A MORNING PICTURE.

SHE hath risen up from her morning prayer,
And chased the waves of her golden hair:
Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek,
And breathed the blessing she might not speak
Lest the whisper should break the dream that lies
Around the snow-white brow of the sinless child.



A MORNING PICTURE.

SHE hath risen up from her morning prayer,
And chained the waves of her golden hair;
Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek,
And breathed the blessing she might not speak,
Lest the whisper should break the dream that smiled
Round the snow-white brow of the sinless child.

Her radiant lamb and her purpling dove
Have ta'en their food from the hand they love;
The low, deep coo, and the plaintive bleat
In the morning calm, how clear and sweet;
Ere the sun has warmed the dawning hours
She hath watered the glow of her garden flowers,
And welcomed the hum of the earliest bee
In tne moist bloom working drowsily;
Then up the flow of the rocky rill
She trips away to the pastoral hill;
And as she lifts her glistening eyes,
In the joy of her heart, to the dewy skies,
She feels that her sainted parents bless
The life of their orphan shepherdess.

'Tis a lonely glen! but the happy child
Hath friends whom she meets in the morning wild,
As on she trips, her native stream,
Like her, hath awoke from a joyful dream,
And glides away by her twinkling feet,
With a face as bright and a voice as sweet.
In the ozier bank, the ouzel sitting
Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting
From stone to stone, as she glides along,
Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.
The lapwing, fearless of his nest,
Stands looking round with his delicate crest;
For a love-like joy is in his cry
As he wheels, and darts, and glances by.

Is the heron asleep on the silvery sand
Of his little lake? Lo! his wings expand

As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread
Cloud-like he floats o'er the maiden's head.
She looks to the birch-wood glade, and lo!
There is browsing there the mountain roe,
Who lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves,
As on glides the form whom all nature loves.
Having spent in heaven an hour of mirth,
The lark drops down to the dewy earth,
And a silence smooths his yearning breast
In the gentle folds of his lowly nest;
The linnet takes up the hymn, unseen,
In the yellow broom, or the bracken green;
And now, as the morning hours are glowing,
From the hill-side cots the cocks are crowing,
And the shepherd's dog is barking shrill
From the mist fast rising from the hill,
And the shepherd's self, with locks of gray,
Hath blessed the maiden on her way!
And now she sees her own dear flock
On a verdant mound beneath the rock,
All close together, in beauty and love,
Like the small, fair clouds in heaven above;
And her innocent soul, at the peaceful sight,
Is swimming o'er with a still delight.

JOHN WILSON.

YOUTH AND AGE.



ERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young! ah, woeful *when!*
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not made with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide;
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together!
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh, the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? ah, mournful *ere,*
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one—
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone!

Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled ;
And thou wert aye a masker bold—
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size ;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought! so think I will,
That Youth and I are house-mates still!

COLERIDGE.

THE CHILD AND DOVE.

THOU art a thing on our dreams to rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
Fair form, on each image of childhood's track!

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers ;
When a world was our own in some dim, sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive dove!

Are they gone? can we think it, while thou art there,
Thou radiant child with the clustering hair?
Is it not spring that indeed breathes free,
And fresh o'er each thought, as we gaze on thee?

No! never more may we smile, as *thou*
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow!

Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine,
A memory of beauty, undimmed as thine!

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace;
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn!

MRS. HEMANS.

ODE.

THERE was a time, when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong;
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen,
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the last
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

WORDSWORTH.

TO A MAIDEN.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal:

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

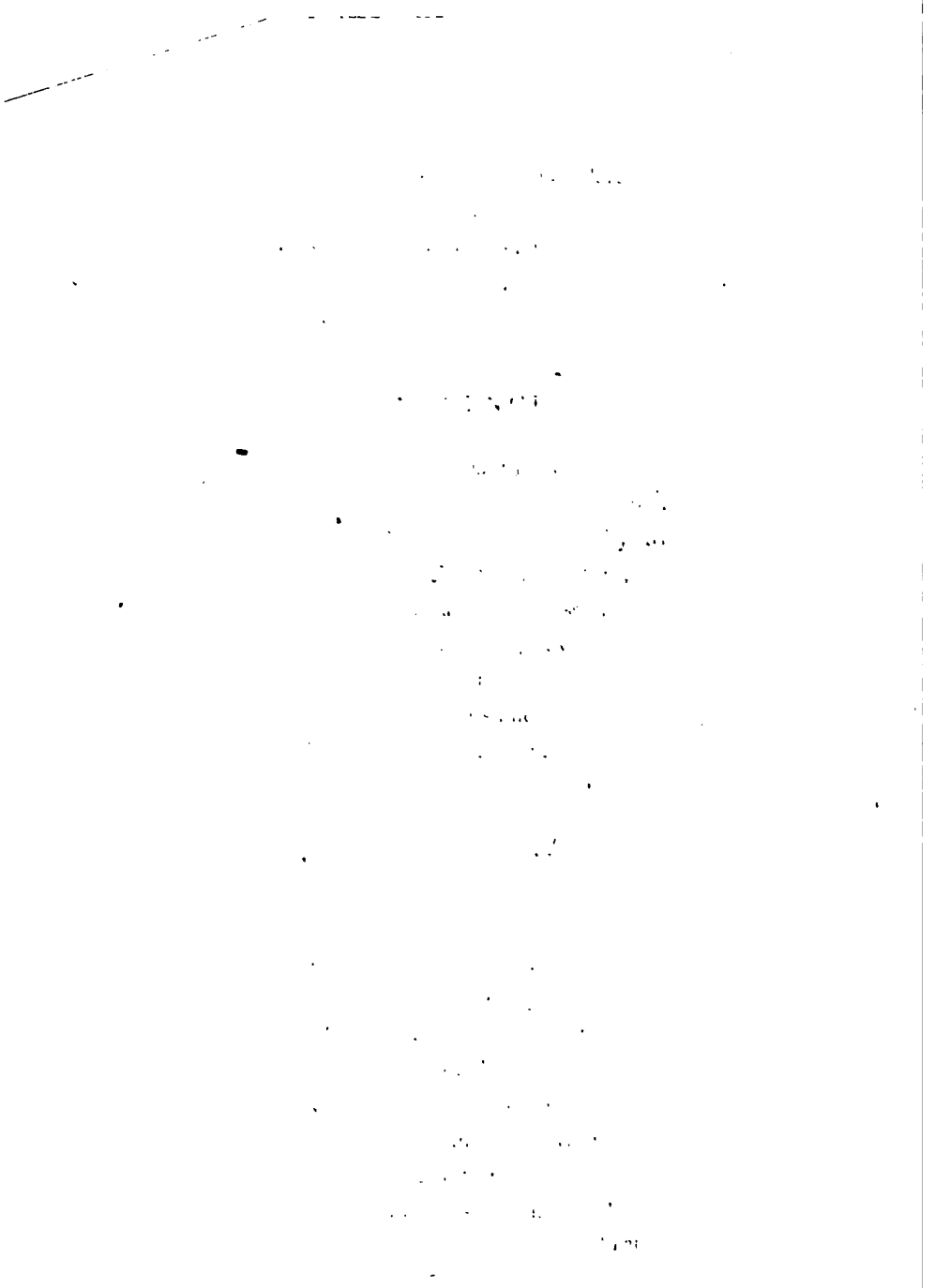
LONGFELLOW.

INNOCENCE.

OH, gentle infanthood,
Which e'en the greatly good
Might sigh to see, and yearn
For childhood to return,
With all its careless days,
And world-unknowing ways;
Its guiltlessness of guile,—
Its sunny-hearted smile;
Its fearlessness of harm;
Its trust, which, like a charm,
Weak, but omnipotent,
Girds round the innocent;
So that a thousand fears
And lawless-born desires
Are powerless to assail,
Or come beyond the pale
Which nature's self has built
To ward off brutal guilt;
Round which no prowling sin
Dares more than glance within,
And, if it came to prey,
Slinks, sad and shamed, away!

WEBBE.







A MEDIÆVAL CITY.

AS the summer morn was breaking, on the lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widow-
hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and
vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghostlike, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who lived in history only, seemed to walk the earth again.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

LONGFELLOW.

A CITY ON THE SEA.

A ROBE of sunlight hung o'er all thy bowers,
Fair city! as with music's stirring strain,—
Whose pattering echoes fell like summer-rain
Upon thy sleeping wave,—we neared thy towers
Grey with antiquity. On either shore
Myriads of forms were glancing in the light,
And crowds expectant crowned each shining height,
As the gay vessel up thy haven bore;
Bright pennons glittered in the noon-tide ray,
And heaven and earth kept jubilee that day.
Alas! that man should mar a scene like this,
With vain aspirings after perfect bliss;
Some bright, ideal, ever distant good
For which he'll barter kindred, home, and blood!

ANONYMOUS.

—o—

NAPLES.

NAPLES! thou heart of man which ever pantest
Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice,

Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower-enchained!
Thou which wert once and then did cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,
Hail, hail, all hail!

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gawd, rend error veil by veil:
O'er ruin desolate,
O'er falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And wingèd word let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God:
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thine.—All hail!

SHELLEY.

AN ANCIENT CITY.



N thought I saw the palace domes of Tyre,
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise,
All her proud people in their brave attire,
Thronging her streets for sports or sacrifice.
I saw her precious stones and spiceries;
The singing-girl with flower-wreathed instrument;
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price,
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,

And kings to her on embassy were sent.
I saw with gilded prow and silken sail,
Her ships, that of the sea had government.
Oh, gallant ships! 'gainst you what might prevail!
She stood upon her rock, and in her pride
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied.

I looked again—I saw a lonely shore,
A rock amid the waters, and a waste
Of trackless sand:—I heard the black sea's roar,
And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.
There was one scathéd tree, by storm defaced,
Round which the sea-birds wheeled with screaming cry.
Ere long came on a traveller slowly paced;
Now east, then west he turned with curious eye,
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.
Awhile he looked upon the sea, and then
Upon a book as if it might supply
The thing he lacked:—he read and gazed again;
Yet as if unbelief so on him wrought,
He might not deem this shore, the shore he sought.

Again, I saw him come:—'twas eventide;
The sun shone on the rock amid the sea;
The winds were hushed; the quiet billows sighed
With a low swell:—the birds winged silently
Their evening flight around the scathéd tree;
The fisher safely put into the bay,
And pushed his boat ashore;—then gathered he
His nets, and hasting up the rocky way,

Spread them to catch the warm sun's evening ray.
I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene;
"And this was Tyre!" said he, "how has Decay
Within her palaces a despot been.
Ruin and silence in her courts are met,
And on her city rock, the fisher spreads his net."

MARY HOWITT.

BABEL.

FORTH walked the king upon the terraced height
Of Babel:—forth he walked and saw how fair
Shone all its palaces, its hanging groves,
Its massy sculptures, and its waters broad
Beating its walls, and clad with many a sail.
And as his eye now upward glanced, and viewed
The heaven-ascending tower—his wondrous work,
And downwards, whence the hum of myriads came,
Proudly his heart did question of itself,
—As one long after on the self-same spot—
"Is not this Babel, that my hand hath built
For the great house of my unbounded realm,
And for the honour of my majesty?"

Oh, 'twas a glorious scene! Throughout the earth
Lay one wide solitude.
Babel arose, sole city of the earth,
Sole home of man, the mother of all realms,
And through its wide, fair streets, and on its roofs,
And up its marble flight of many steps

Streamed its gay population all abroad,
Gold sandalled, silken robed, the festival
Holding, of great Nehushtan, serpent-god,
Whose vast form, wreathed upon his pillared height,
Gleamed o'er the city far.

* * * * *

Back! back! I float as in a dream
From the far ages. O'er the ancient earth
The tide of many thousand years has rolled,
And mighty realms have withered to a name:
And mighty men have stalked across the globe,
Whose giant shadows are flung down the vale
Of time, sublimely terrible; and now,
In these last days forth goes the traveller,
In melancholy quest of old renown,
And finds alone this scathed and spectral tower,
Man's earliest work, and truest monument!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

PALMYRA.



H, sight of glory—City of the Great!
Majestic Tadmor! what must thou have been
When first the Prince of Magians did create
Thee in thy marble pomp! Oh, more than queen,
Wonder of nations—the beloved of Time!
He spares thee, though the Arab in his hate,
Hath burnt thy shrines and rent thy towers sublime!
What wert thou then, when even thus desolate,

Thou mak'st us kneel unto thee? What wert thou
Temple of temples, glorious ark of glory?
The sun which saw thee rise, the boast of story,
Writ his own splendid legend on thy brow,
And left thee thus for ages. Arch on arch
Interminable! Armies in their march
Through thee but shrink to atoms! Round and round
Thy pillars *point* a worship, without sound;
And heaven is all thy cupola—a dome
Of stars, whose spheres may be the soul's bright home.

Not vainly was it fabled that the spirits
Of the great Magian called thee from the abyss;
Where is the mortal who his ring inherits?
What other hand could raise a pile like this?
A fairy fable art thou—a romance,
Yet brilliant with the jewellery of Truth;
And it was here, with melody and dance,
Wit, wisdom, beauty pressed the grape of youth,
Till the soul reeled and the heart gushed with wine,
And paid its orisons at passion's shrine!

Where stood the palace—the seraglio where?
Gaze near and nearer thou wilt find them not;
Thy finger is the pointing of Despair,
Insulting the pale Genius of the spot.
He saw, of yesterday a thousand fires
Lit with the blaze of odorous cinnamon;
A thousand priests with cymbals and with lyres,
Hymning the praise of the eternal sun,

Through echoing aisles unutterably splendid.
But now—the altars quenched—the worship ended,
A giant mass of ruins without ruin—
Arch, column, portico, frieze, capital,
And sculptured peristyle, in fragments strewing
Each avenue, or tottering to their fall!
Yet still, as to the stars thy columns soar,
Heedless if man, uproot thee, or adore,
Proud revelation of the proud of yore!

J. H. WIFFEN.

JERUSALEM ON FIRE.

OH, Beauty of earth's cities! throned queen
Of thy milk-flowing valleys! crowned with glory!
The envy of the nations! now, no more
A city. One by one thy palaces
Sink into ashes, and the uniform smoke
O'er half thy circuit hath brought back the night,
Which the insulting flames had made give place
To their terrible, untimely day. The flames
That in the Temple—their last, proudest conquest—
Now gather all their might, and furiously,
Like revellers, hold there exulting triumph
Round every pillar, over all the roof,
O'er the wide, gorgeous front, the holy depth
Of the far sanctuary, every portico,
And every court at once concentrated,
As though to glorify, and not destroy,
They burn, they blaze.

MILMAN.

THE CITY ABOVE.

OH, Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread,
At the misty future that stretches on
From the quiet home of the dead.
'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.
No! Heaven is near us, the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity:
Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce, through the mists of sense,
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.
Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall,
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel call.
The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Shall open, the next, in bliss;
The welcome shall sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

ANONYMOUS.



Sees her father's fishing boat
O'er the ocean gaily float;
Lists her brother's evening song,
By the light gale borne along;
Half a league she hears the lay,
Ere they turn into the bay;
And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by man and boy is heard,
Like the carol of a bird!

Look! she sitteth laughing there,
Wreathing sea-weeds in her hair!
Saw you e'er a thing so fair?
Marian, some are rich in gold,
Heaped-up treasures, hoards untold:
Some are rich in thoughts refined,
And the glorious wealth of mind:
Thou, sweet child, life's rose unblown,
Hast a treasure of thine own:—
Youth's most unalloyed delights,
Happy days and tranquil nights;
And a brain with thought unvexed,
And a light heart, unperplexed.
Go, thou sweet one, all day long,
Like a glad bird, pour thy song,
And let thy young, graceful head
Be with sea-flowers garlanded;
For all outward signs of glee
Well become thee, Marian Lee!

MARY HOWITT.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.



SWEET Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks, this household lawn,
These trees—a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But oh, fair creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart!
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers,
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.

Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness;
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech;
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.
Now thanks to heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.

WORDSWORTH.

NATURE.



O cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long, thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and, though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song.
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird? oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow)—he and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements

Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou our sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance. 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!
And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths—
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,

They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such sweet harmony,
That should you close your eyes you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs—
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who liveth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove),
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid, and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon,
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve.
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes. That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swarm with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy. Once more farewell,
Sweet nightingale! Once more, my friends, farewell!

COLERIDGE.

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.



THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock or plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

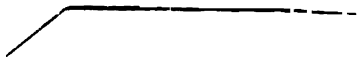
"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake; the work was done: —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be!

WORDSWORTH.







A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
  No more—oh, never more!

SHELLEY.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled; farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer, nor sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

COWPER.

STANZAS.



THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light;
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight
The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,
The city's voice itself is soft like solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor,
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around;

Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found;
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;—
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

SHELLEY.

VERSES.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung;
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me!

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,

When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more;
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me!

PRINCESS AMELIA.

STANZAS.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

LIFE.

THIS Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear,
For when 'tis most admiréd, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

W. DRUMMOND.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

WHEN the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,

The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute,—
No song, but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

SHELLEY.

AN ELEGY.



H, snatched away in beauty's bloom!
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue, gushing stream,
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause, and lightly tread;—
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,—
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress;
Will this unteach us to complain,
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

BYRON.

—o—

THE LAST TEAR.



ITHOUT a friend to cheer his drooping heart,
An aged pilgrim in his death-sleep lay.
His feet had traversed far, in lonely march,
The crooked pathways of this desert world:
For those who, in the spring-time of his days,
Had hand in hand with him their course begun.

Long since had fallen; and, all desolate,
Had left him mourning to pursue his way.
In dreamy mood he, on his lonely couch,
Lay pondering; when, touched by some mute spell,
The fountain of his heart, long sealed and dry,
Broke forth anew, and gave its latest tear.
Was it a tear of joy? or came it forth
In melancholy sadness, from the depths
Of memory's caverns in the inner soul;
Wherein are gathered stores of pleasures past,
Of long-lost happiness, and joy serene,
Mingling their brightness with the mists of years,
Like twilight radiance fading into gloom?
Was it, that, as the soul was verging fast
To the dark portals of the world unknown,
It turned to other years its inward glance,
And wept to think their joys were past recall?
Or came that tear in happiness—a tear
Of heavenly promise, glistening with the light
Of joy Elysian?
Looked the soul onward to its home of rest,
Where streams of gladness flow unceasingly,
With holy murmur, by the throne of God?
Dreamt it of happy meetings in the skies
With those from whom nought but the hand of death
Could e'er have parted it—with those loved ones
Whose voice on earth was music soft and sweet,
And now, in heaven, is music sweeter still?
These doubts are hushed, for low and solemn sounds
Came from the lips of him who lay entranced.
"Father of all," the pilgrim faintly sighed,

"I come to Thee--my pilgrimage is o'er;
Beside the blissful Cross I lay me down,
In hope with Him to rise who died for me.
And, though a tear-drop dim my closing eye,
(Meet parting-sign from such a world as this,
Where tears have met us at the gates of life,
Nor in our after-steps have left us free),
'Tis all of joy,—a joy so exquisite
As if I felt Thine own benignant hand
Wiping that tear away!"
He said: and now the darkness slips aside
Before the beckonings of angelic wings;
The tear-drop brightens like an opening heaven,
And shows the mirrored glories of the sky,
(For in the sad thus often lurks the true),
And, rising silently on viewless wings,
His spirit soared to immortality.

REV. A. L. SIMPSON.



THE FOUNTAIN AND THE STREAMLET.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,
Before a marble palace threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away, a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the waving branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And such resplendent colours catch,
As though 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links have power to bind,
And whirl away my willing mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one, adorned with every grace;
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story;—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

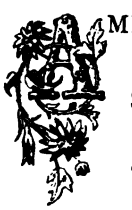
She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,

Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
Like gilded insects on the wing;
But thence, when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in affection's bosom reigns;
No fountain scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet, edged with flowers.

MONTGOMERY.

THE FOUNTAIN.



MIDST the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint;
Strange faces like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gushed through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glories, and his vainer troubles.

BYRON.

A WELL.

THROUGH the dell
Silence and twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noon-day watch, and sail among the shades
Like vaporous shapes half-seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror lave
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star,
Between one foliaged lattice, twinkling fair;
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon;
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

SHELLEY.

A POOL AT MID-DAY.

HEARKEN, sweet Peona!
Beyond the matron-people of Latona,
Which we should see, but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
And meet so nearly, that with wings outraught,
And spreading tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side.

Some mouldered steps lead into this cool cell,
Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits:
'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
And there in strife, no burning thoughts to heed,
I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boyhood: make me ships
Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When lovelorn hours had left me less a child,
I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.

KEATS.

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

GUSH of waters, faint, and sweet, and wild,
Like the far echo of the voice of years;
The ancient Nature, singing to her child
The self-same hymn that lulled the infant spheres.
A spell of song not louder than a sigh,
Yet speaking like a trumpet to the heart;

And thoughts that lift themselves, triumphingly,
O'er time, where time has triumphed over art;
As wild-flowers climb its ruins, haunt it still,
While still, above the consecrated spot,
Lifts up its prophet voice the ancient rill,
And flings its oracles along the grot.

But where is she, the lady of the stream,
And he, whose worship was, and is a dream?
Silent, yet full of voices; desolate,
Yet filled with memories, like a broken heart.
Oh! for a vision like to his who sate
With thee, and with the moon and stars, apart,
By the cool fountain, many a livelong even,
That speaks unheeded to the desert now,
When vanished clouds had left the air all heaven,
And all was silent, save the stream and thou,
Egeria!—solemn thought upon his brows,
For all his diadem,—thy spirit-eyes,
His only homage, and the flitting boughs
And birds, alone, between him and the skies.
Each outward sense expanded to a soul,
And every feeling tuned into a truth,
And all the bosom's shattered strings made whole,
And all its worn-out powers retouched with youth,
Beneath thy spell, that chastened while it charmed;
Thy words, that touched the spirit while they taught;
Thy look, that uttered wisdom while it warmed,
And moulded fancy in the stamp of thought,
And breathed an atmosphere below, above,
Light to the soul, and to the senses, love.

Beautiful dreams, that haunt the younger earth,
In poet's pencil, or in minstrel's song,
Like sighs, or rainbows, dying in their birth,
Perceived a moment, and remembered long!
Oh, no! bright visions, fables of the heart!
Not to the past alone do ye belong;
Types for all ages, wove when early art
To feeling gave a voice, to truth a tongue!
Oh, what if gods have left the Grecian mount,
And shrines are voiceless on the classic shore,
And lone Egeria by the gushing fount
Waits for her monarch-lover never more.
Who hath not his Egeria?—some sweet thought,
Shrouded and shrined within his heart of hearts,
More closely cherished, and more fondly sought,
Still, as the daylight of the soul departs;
The visioned lady of the spring, that wells
In the green valley of his brighter years,
Or gentle spirit that for ever dwells,
And sings of hope, beside the fount of tears!

HERVEY.

THE FOUNTAIN'S DEPTHS.

THE fountain's depths were dim and chill,
Though summer smiled upon the plain,
Though gaily sang the tinkling rill,
And softly chimed the distant main;
The blossoms, springing by its side,
Sheds down their hues upon its wave,

Yet still its ever-gushing tide
  Was calm and voiceless as the grave.

The autumn wind went whistling by,
  Whirling the dead leaves far and wide,
Yet still no voice of sympathy
  From those untroubled depths replied;
The upper waters might be stirred,
  And the fringed grass and thrushes thrill,
But from its heart no sound was heard,
  Its source was all serene and still.

But when there came a quiet night,
  And winds were sleeping in their caves,
The placid stars, with holy light,
  Shone down upon its inmost waves;
Then fell there from the cloudless skies,
  Unto its depths so coldly clear,
The light of those immortal eyes
  That gladden heaven's pure atmosphere.

And by a silent under-spring
  The gentle waters ebb away
To where the leaping streamlets fling
  A thousand sparkles to the day.
May not the fountain's depths impart
  Some image of the hidden worth
Of an unworldly, peaceful heart
  Thus lit from heaven, thus gladdening earth.

BROWNE.

PEACEFUL HOURS.

HOURS of romance, yes, I have mused away
The lavish glories of a summer's day,
Full oft beneath the forest's whispering shade,
Rocked by the thunders of the near cascade;
Or, more remote, have sought a gentler scene,
Where all around was fragrant, cool, and green;
Where flowerets oped their petals to emboss
With richer hues the dew-bespangled moss;
Where still the roar of neighbouring waters came,
By distance tempered, but in mood the same.
Yet thou, O Waterfall! that seem'st to be
A symbol meet of perpetuity,
E'en thou obey'st at times a loftier power,
Like some magician in his feeble hour.
Bleak Winter issues from his artic caves,
And chains thy strength, and curbs thy headlong waves;
Mute as the grave thy rolling thunders cease,
And where the tumult maddened—there is peace.

GODWIN.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save?

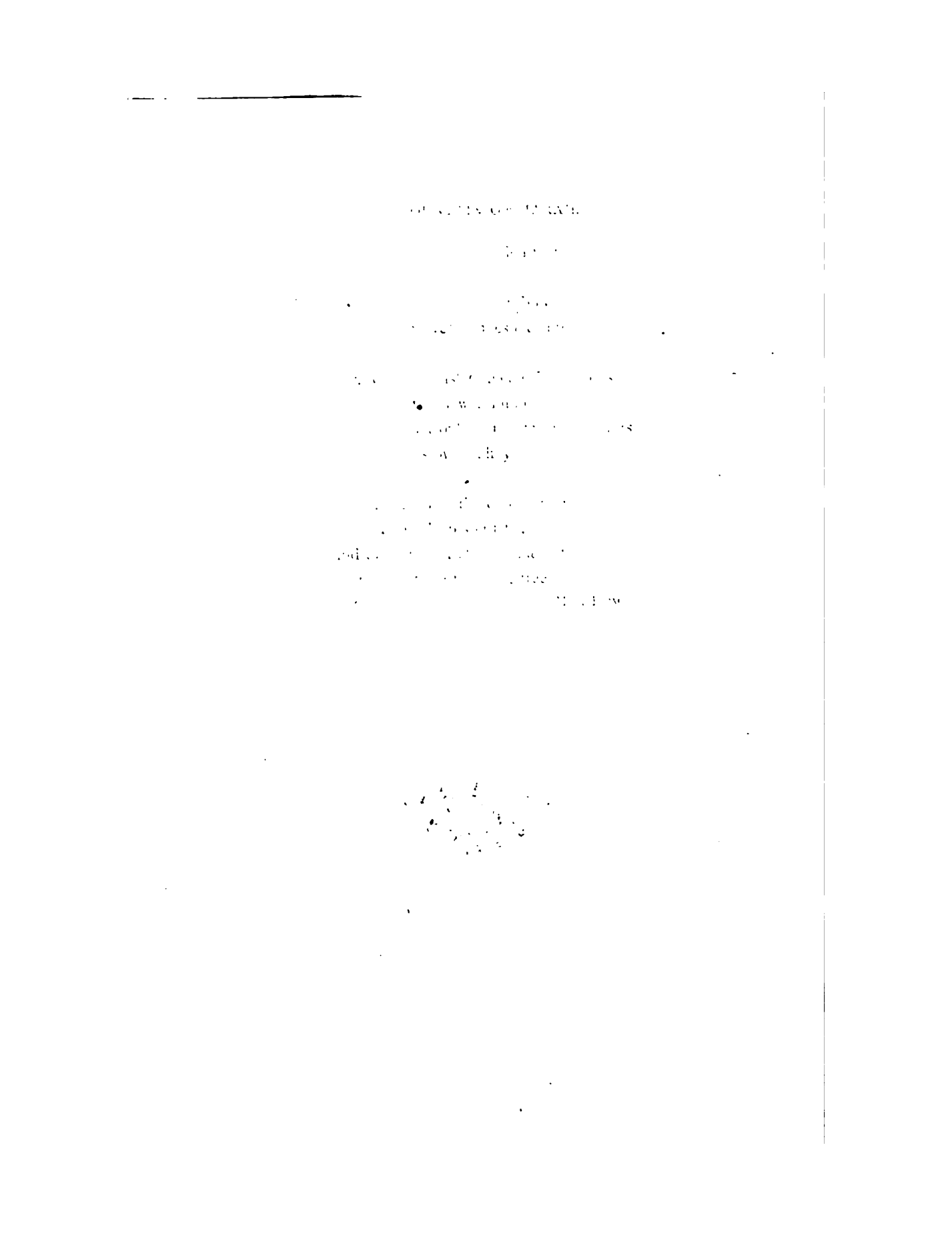
Hath nature lost the hidden power
  Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant eastern bower,
  With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

Nay, wherefore ask? since gifts are ours,
  Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
  Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh, mingled with the cup of grief,
  Let faith's deep spirit be,
And every prayer shall win a leaf
  From that blest healing tree!

MRS. HEMANS.







SONG OF THE VINTAGERS.

THE live-long day, 'neath the bright sun's ray,
We have gathered the purple fruit;
Let our hymn now rise to the evening skies,
On the breath of the wakeful lute.

The morning dew, with its changing hue,
Welcomed our joyous throng;

And the choristers bright, in the early light,
Hailed us with gentle song.

And away we sped, by their music led,
Where the teeming clusters hung;
Where odorous flowers, from loaded bowers,
Their fragrance wildly flung.

But the race is run of this day's sun,
And the ocean his light is stealing;
While the dews of eve to the valleys cleave,
And life is in their revealing.

With joyous heart let us now depart,
To rest till the dawn of morning;
And, at that hour, may we rise in power,
To the gladness of life returning.

REV. A. L. SIMPSON.

GREEK GIRL'S SONG IN EXILE.



HERE is the Summer, with her golden sun?
That festal glory hath not passed from earth:
For me alone the laughing day is done,
Where is the Summer with her voice of mirth?—
Far in my own bright land!

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die
On the green hills? the founts, from sparry caves

Through the wild places bearing melody?
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves?—
Far in my own bright land!

Where are the temples, through the dim woods shining,
The virgin-dances and the choral strains?
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining
The Spring's first roses for their silvan fanes?—
Far in my own bright land!

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs;
The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades?
The lyres; the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
And the pine forests, and the olive shades?—
Far in my own bright land!

Where, the deep, haunted grots, the laurel bowers,
The Dryads' footsteps, and the minstrels' dreams?
Oh, that my life were as a southern flower's!
I might not languish then by these chill streams,
Far from my own bright land!

MRS. HEMANS.

A WISH.

OH, for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stainéd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

KEATS.

THE GRAPE-HARVEST.

SWEET is the vintage when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing.

BYRON.

VINTAGE SONG.

THE Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
The sun pours down his golden light
O'er the broad river, full and bright,
While the brown Vintagers in play
Close the glad labours of the day,
Beside the castled Rhine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
Hail to the sun-kissed, wreathy vine,
The bursting grape, the lusty wine,
That glows beside the castled Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
No stream so fair that sun shall see,

Nor hear such glorious revelry,
As when, with dance, and sport, and song,
Each blue-eyed maiden bounds along
Beside the castled Rhine.
The Rhine! the Rhine! the Rhine!
Hail to the sun-kissed, wreathy vine,
The bursting grape, the lusty wine,
That glows beside the castled Rhine!

MISS MITFORD.

CONSOLATION.

OH, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to-night!
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear;
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away your tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep;
And I know your grief, sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come, mother,
In safety o'er the main;

When the grapes are dyed with purple
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom,
When he bade me watch them grow;
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing;—
But what are these, dear mother,
It is himself he'll bring.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight;
Come, come and sleep, dear mother—
Oh, weep no more to-night!

L. E. L.

A CREEPING PLANT.

IN winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common;
In music, and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
Meant to express some feelings of their own;
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman;
In flowers and leaves, and in the fresh grass shown,
Or dying in the autumn, I the most
Adore thee present, or lament thee lost.

And thus I went, lamenting, when I saw
A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,
And in despair had cast him down to die;
Its leaves, which had outlived the frost, the thaw
Had blighted as a heart which hatred's eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills; the dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
It in a vase full of the lightest mould;
The winter beams, which out of heaven slanted,
Fell through the window panes, disrobed of cold,
Upon its leaves and flowers; the star which panted
In evening for the day, whose car has rolled
Over the horizon's wane, with looks of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

The mitigated influences of air
And light revived the plant, and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflowed with golden colours; an atmosphere
Of vital warmth infolded it anew,
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
Even if the sun and air had smiled not on it;
For one wept o'er it, all the winter long,
Tears, pure as heaven's rain, which fell upon it

Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song
Mixed with the stringed melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

SHELLEY.

A METAPHOR.

AND Love he sent to bind
The disunited tendrils of that vine
Which bears the wine of life, the human heart.

SHELLEY.

AN ITALIAN NOON.

NOON descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist,
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-wingéd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;

And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky.

SHELLEY.

THE BANKS OF RHINE.



NOT everywhere the vine bedecks our border,
As well the mountains show,
That harbour in their bosoms wild disorder;
Not worth their room below.

Thuringia's hills, for instance, are aspiring
To rear a juice like wine;
But that is all—nor mirth nor song inspiring,
It breathes not of the vine.

And other hills, with buried treasures glowing,
For wine are far too cold ;
Though iron ores and cobalt there are growing,
And chance some paltry gold.

The Rhine—the Rhine, there glow the gay plantations ;
Oh, hallowed be the Rhine !
Upon his banks are brewed the rich potations
Of this consoling wine.

Drink to the Rhine ! and every coming morrow,
Be mirth and music thine !
And when we meet a child of care and sorrow,
We'll send him to the Rhine !

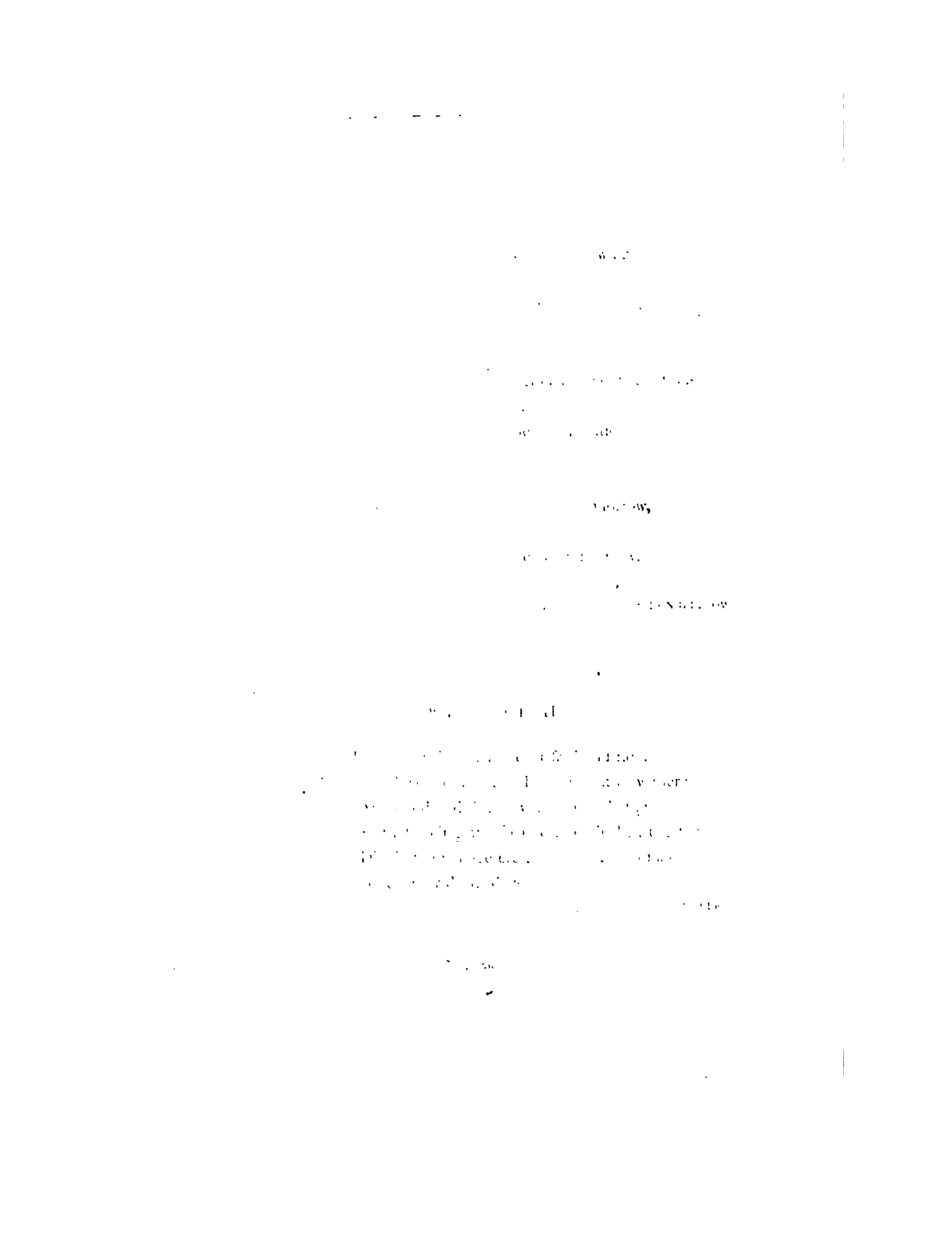
From "Matthias Claudius," translated by LONGFELLOW.

GOOD AND EVIL.

THE sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to wither ;
And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft be plucked together : —
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Mazenghi's sake.

SHELLEY.







THE LADY TO HER LOVER'S PICTURE.

OH dark, deep, pictured eyes!
Once more I seek your meaning—as the skies
Were sought by wizards, once, from eastern towers,
When signs of fate dawned through the night's bright hours.
O master of my soul, to whom belong
Those starry lights of love! thou dost me wrong,

Thy heart doth wrong me, if it hath not told
That she who loved of old
So deeply, still awaits thee, loving yet:
She loves, she watches—why dost thou forget?

Upon what pleasant shore or summer waters
Dost thou repose? Hath Time,
Or the dark witchery of the Indian daughters,
Or some luxurious clime,—
The natural love of change,—or graver thought,
Or new ambition, all my misery brought?

Why art thou absent? Is not all thy toil
Done on that burning soil?
Are thy dreams unaccomplished? Let them go:
She, who stood by thee once, in want and wo,
And would have dared all dangers, hand in hand,
Hath risen! A maiden peeress of the land,
She woos thee to behold and share her state,
And be by fortune, as by nature, great.

Still am I young! but wrinkled age will steal
Upon me unawares, should'st thou delay;
And Time will kiss these auburn locks to grey;
And grief will quench mine eyes; and I shall feel
That thou can'st love me not (all beauty flown),
And so I shall depart and die alone.

And then thou'lt hear no more of one whose course
Hath been so dark; until too-late remorse,

Half wakening love, shall lead thee, some chance day,
To where the marble hides my mouldering clay;
And there thoul't read—not haply without pain
The story of her who loved, and lived in vain!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE PORTRAIT.

GIFT of the absent! whose illusive power
Can cheat remembrance of her lonest hour,
Still with sad constancy to thee I turn,
(Like Sorrow lingering o'er her loved one's urn),
In mute abstraction gazing on each grace
That my heart worships in this angel face!
The faultless outline, and the clustered hair,
Shadowing the features eloquently fair;
The deep blue eyes, which touchingly express
The hallowed charm of virtuous tenderness,
(Nature's sweet talisman for woe on earth),
Speak to my soul—the miser of her worth!
Formed by example happily refined,
Mark the fair promise of that youthful mind;
Each virtue home-taught that the vestal knows,
With ease unconscious, that from culture flows;
Gentle, not weak—correct, yet not severe—
The woman's softness wanting but in fear;
Blameless, serene, as in God's courts she stood,
Joy to her heart—the beautiful, the good!

Literary Souvenir.

TO A PORTRAIT.



SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

A MOTHER TO HER ABSENT SON.



WHERE art thou, my beloved son?
Where art thou, worse to me than dead!
Oh, find me, prosperous or undone!
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same,
That I may rest; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And be for evermore beguiled,
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well-born, well-bred; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold;
If things ensued that wanted grace
As hath been said, they were not base;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess;
Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought; and being blind
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed," and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him whom no man knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh, do not dread thy mother's door,
Think not of me with grief and pain :
I now can see with better eyes ;
And worldly grandeur I despise
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight !
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
And wishes, vain as mine may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass;
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end!
I have no other earthly friend.

WORDSWORTH.

THE REVERIE.



ADY, dost thou bend thine eye
Upon dim futurity;
Or is its love-like sadness cast
Upon the shadows of the past?
Say, does that piece of mimic art
Pressed fondly 'gainst that gentle heart,
Awaken thoughts of joy or pain?
Will the beloved one come again?
Or is that golden circlet all
That's left, the lost one to recall,

When fancy fails, with straining eye,
To trace his form on vacancy?

Twin treasure of the picture seem
Those folded lines. In hopeful dream
Of future blisses do they tell,
Or breathe they of the sad farewell?
Yet wherefore ask? On that sweet face
Their meaning, sympathy may trace;
For o'er thy brow of pensive shade
The mystic sign of hope delayed
Hath blended with its beauty. Why,
Unnoticed thus, so listlessly
Are held those lines? 'Tis that no more
Thou need'st to scan their music o'er;
For oft and oft repeated, they
Have proved the charm of many a day;
Repeated oft, repeated still,
Through many a lonely hour, until
They're turned by love's fond alchemy
To gold, within thy memory.

LOVER.

NO, THAT CAN NEVER BE!

YES! I must leave—Oh, yes!
But not the thoughts of thee;
For that can never be!

To absence, loneliness,
'Tis vain—'tis vain to flee;

I see thee not the less,
When memory's shades I see;
And how can I repress
The rising thoughts of thee?
No, that can never be!

Yet must I leave;—the grave
Shall be a home for me,
Where fettered grief shall have
A portion with the free.
I other than a slave
To thy strange witchery
Can never, never be!

From the Spanish of Alonzo de Castagena.

MEMORY'S CONSOLATION.



SAW that lovely cheek grow wan and pale
At our sad parting, as at times a cloud,
Stealing the morn or evening sun to shroud,
Casts o'er his glorious light an envious veil.
I saw the rose's orient colour fail,
Yielding to lilies wan its empire proud,
And saw, with joy elate, by sorrow bowed,
How from those eyes the pearls and crystal fell.
Oh, precious words, and oh, sweet tears, that steep
In pleasing sadness my devoted heart,

And make it with its very bliss to weep!
Love with you weeping sighed, and did impart
Such sweetness to you, that my sorrow deep
To memory comes devoid of sorrow's dart.

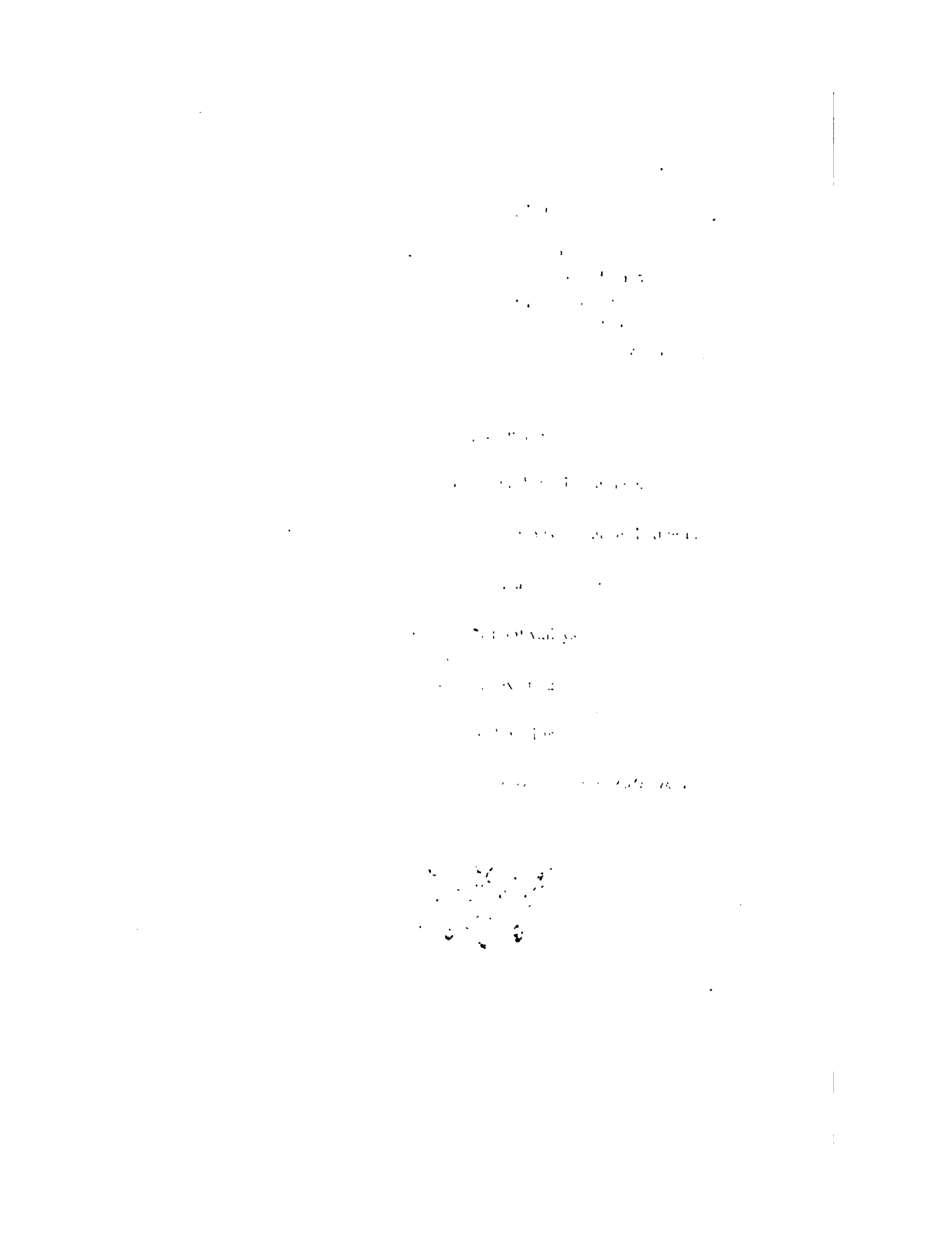
From the Italian of Boiardo.

FOR EVER THINE.

FOR ever thine! though sea and land divide thee,
For ever thine!
Through burning wastes and winds—whate'er betide me,—
For ever thine!
'Mid dazzling tapers in the marble palace,
For ever thine!
Beneath the evening moon in pastoral valleys,
For ever thine!
And when the feeble lamp of life, expiring,
Becomes divine,—
My changeless heart will echo, still untiring,
For ever thine!

From the German of Matthisson.







POESY.

COME, loved of heaven, delightful Poesy!
And take thy seat upon this lofty rock:
So will I braid thy tresses in a wreath
Of sable beauty, twining them around
The fibres of my harp, and chanting forth
Snatches of song! Oh, then shall Silence start
As from a slumber, and, enamoured, list
The sweeping melody, inspired by thee!

How many a year unknown to thee I spent,
Enchanting Poesy! Thy verdant haunts
Were interdicted regions, and thy springs
Waters whereof I might not drink. Behold!
At length I knew thee for the mourner's friend:
I heard thy sweet voice on the summer's gale,
And felt thy blessed influence in the stars,
And all bright things. The meadows and the hills;
The purple sky light and the gurgling brooks;
The untaught nightingales, that love to sing
When all is sleeping; the umbrageous groves,
Sacred to thought and meditation deep;
Yea, and the wild birds in the forest shade;
Even the sunbeams (those connecting links
From heaven to earth), each spoke immortal truths,
And filled my spirit with thy holy lore!
Then came the magic of a poet's name,
Like light, upon my fancy; and I sat
Brooding for hours, amid sequestered nooks,
On all the mighty masters of the lyre
That, in the horoscope of mind, create
An arch of glory like the Milky Way!
Oh, then I blessed thee, calm-browed Poesy!
Yea, like a child, I blessed thee in my prayers,
And woo'd thee with my harp! 'Twas feeble song,
Yet withal grateful—I, thy votary,
Since then have wandered in thy pleasant paths
Not seldom, musing in umbrageous spots
And haunts of deep retirement, far away
From aught that whispers of a world unkind;
Teaching my heart to find in solitude

Its sum of earthly happiness, convinced
That thence alone true pleasure is derived!

R. F. H.

THE LAST POET.

"WHEN will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?

Is it not, long since, empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"—

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
  Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
  Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
  Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
  To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
  And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
  And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
  The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
  Or one poor heart can break;—

So long on earth shall wander
  The goddess Poesy,
And, with her, one exulting
  Her votarist to be.

And singing on triumphing,
  The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel;—
  He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
  Forth in His hand meanwhile,

Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask,—if of the question
Not weary yet,—"How long,
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

AUERSPERG.

WOMAN AND POETRY.

WHAT to us were this world and its burden of woe,
But a fetter of clay that in slavery bound us,
Were our troubles not smoothed by the smiles of the fair,
And if poetry spread not its magic around us?

In the hour of our gladness, if Woman be near,
More smoothly the stream of enjoyment will flow;
And where can our grief find a balm like the tear
From the bright eyes of her who partakes of our woe?

To the Poet a power of enchantment is given
Which time cannot limit, space cannot define;
Which can lift on its wings the rapt spirit to heaven,
And make dull mortality almost divine!

Oh! Woman and Poetry, each is a treasure,
A mine of delight that enriches life's span;
The first is a ministering angel of pleasure,
While the gift of the next makes an angel of man!

ANONYMOUS.

POETRY.



EVER did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men!
I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE BIRTH OF A POET.



N a blue summer night,
While the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their own drowsy light;
While the newly mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away
From a lone woody place
There looked out a face,

With large blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,
Brimful of water and light;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright:
'Twas the head of a poet! He grew
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
In the dropping of natural dew,
Unheeded—alone—
Till his heart had blown—
As the sweet, strange flowers of the wilderness blow;
Till every thought wore a changeable stain,
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain.
A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy;
With a haughty look and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes,
Full of woe and surprise,
Like the eyes of them that can see the dead.
Looking about,
For a moment or two he stood
On the shore of the mighty wood;
Then ventured out,
With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him!
The broad sea all before him!

JOHN NEAL.

THE POET'S PEN.

THE Poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet, clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms;
And marks the variations of all mind
As does the needle.

BAILEY.

POETRY ALL-PERVADING.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkles in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons in a choir,
For ever charming and for ever new;

Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds that rise
Far off in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and moved with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt and dissolved in ecstacy, to heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,

In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coal,
His language winged with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath
Commissioned to affright us and destroy.

PERCIVAL.

THE POETS OF GREECE.



HERE shalt thou hear and learn
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various-measured verse,
Eolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own:
Thence what the lofty, grave tragedians taught
In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief, sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate and chance, and change in human life.

MILTON.





THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

HOW com'st thou on that gentle hand, where love should kisses bring
For beauty's tribute? answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes that seem
Themselves the worshipped stars that light some youthful poet's dream?

"When bends the thick and golden grain, that ripes at my command,
From the cracked earth I creep to bless with food the fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

Throned in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head."

Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy?
"The Useful is the Beautiful; the good and kind and true
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.

Learn further, that one common chain runs through the heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man:
Both foul and fair alike from Him, the Lord of Love, do spring;—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not everything."

LEITCH RITCHIE.

UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE.

HAPPY is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature, but explores
All natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,

Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things,
Up from the creeping-plant to sovereign man.
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love;—
For knowledge is delight; and such delight
Breeds love: yet suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!

The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
Is a still happier man, who, for those heights
Of speculation not unfit, descends,
And such benign affection cultivates
Among the inferior kinds; not merely those
That he may call his own, and which depend,
As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond,
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom for the very sake of love, he loves.
To mark their placid state, who never heard
Of a command which they have power to break,
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress:
These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge register;

Observe their ways, and, free from envy, find
Complacence there;—but, wherefore this to you?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a "feathery bunch," feeds at your hand;
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung,
For the small wren to build in; not in vain,
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep, abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly, and soars,
Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the soul ascends,
Drawn towards her native firmament of heaven,
When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves; and leaves the dark,
Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun!

WORDSWORTH.

SONNET.



THE bright June woods with woodland sounds are ringing;
The cuckoo calls me, fleeing ere I come;
A thousand insects, with life-joyous hum
Disport around; and through the orchard, singing
Its choral mass, the rich-toned thrush is winging
Its way to corny fields. No thing is dumb
To-day—the very grass breathes loud; each bloom

Speaks odour as it opes; and blithely flinging
Spice-scents abroad, pink-blossomed hawthorn sheds
Rare colours on the daisies at its foot!—
'Midst all this eloquence of Nature, mute
Man's melted spirit should not rest! Their heads
Flowers raise to greet the sun; and man, too, lifts
His thankful soul to God for all these summer gifts!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother! the winds are at play;
Prithee, let me idle to-day.
Look, dear mother! the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides
Look how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play
It scarcely moves a leaf in the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee!

MRS. GILMAN.

A RESTING-PLACE.

HE does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest.
Brothers! I have done my best;
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain,
Let me rest;—but lay me low,
Where the hedge-side roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;

Where the wedded throstle sings ;
Where the young bird tries his wings ;
Where the wailing plover swings
Near the runlet's rushy springs ;
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
To be heard by me no more !
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

ELLIOTT.

LOVE FOR GOD'S CREATURES.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest,
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam,—
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: what do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the night doth meet the noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish even from the sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned: send her!
She has vassals to attend her:

She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heapéd autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear!
Rustle of the reapéd corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn;
And in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celléd sleep;
And the snake, all winter thin,
Cast on sunny bank its skin.
Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see

Hatching in the hawthorn tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet in her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

KEATS.

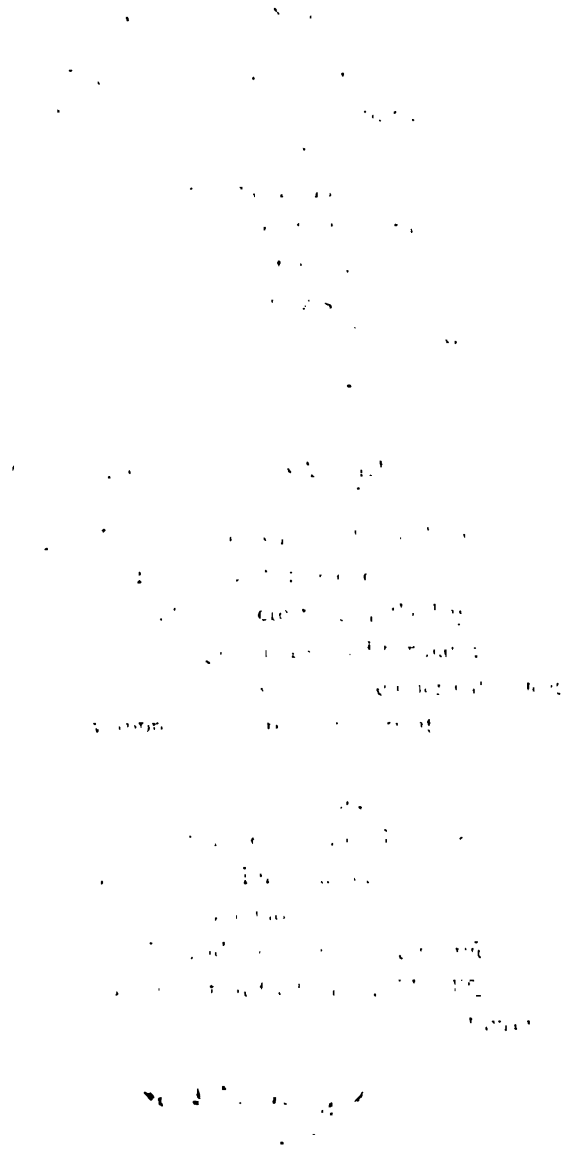
A CHILD OF NATURE.

THE day went down; the last red ray
Flushed on her face, or ere
It sank; and creeping up the bay
The night-wind stirred her hair;
The crimson wave caressed her naked feet
With coy approach and resonant retreat.

True native of the clime was she,
Nor could there have been found
A creature who should more agree
With everything around—
The woods, the fields, and genial nature, rife
With life and gifts that feed and gladden life.

TAYLOR.







THE FORSAKEN.

I HAVE caught the last wave of his snow-white plume,
How fast to-night closes the evening gloom!
I have heard the last sound of his horse's feet,—
Oh, wind! once more the echo repeat.

I should not weep thus if thou wert gone
Away to the battle as oft thou hast done;

Or if I wept, my tears would be
But voiceless orisons for thee.

Thou wert wont to part, my scarf on thine arm,
My last kiss laid on thy lips like a charm;
I could pray, and believe that thy maiden's prayer
Would be with thee in battle, and guard thee there.

But now thou art gone to the festival,
To the crowded city, the lighted hall;
In the courtly beauty's shining bower
Little thou'lt think of thine own wild flower.

Thou wilt join in the midnight saraband,
With thy graceful smile and thy whisper bland;
And to many another thou wilt be
All thou once wert to only me.

I might have known what would be my share—
Silent suffering and secret care;
I might have known my woman's part—
A faded cheek and a rifled heart.

Often I'd read in the minstrel tale
How bright eyes grow dim, and red lips pale;
Of the tears that wail the fond maiden's lot;—
But I loved thee, and all but my love forgot.

And must this be?—oh, heart of mine!
Why art thou not too proud to pine?
Again I will wreathe my raven hair
With the red-rose flowers it was wont to wear;

Again I will enter my father's hall—
Again be the gayest and gladdest of all;
Like the falcon that soars at her highest bound,
Though her bosom bear in it its red death-wound!

But what boots it to teach my heart a task
So vain as weeping behind a mask;—
Broken, with only ruins to hide,
Little it recks of the show of pride.

Will a smile bring back to my lip its red,
Or the azure light from my blue eye fled—
Efface from the faded brow and cheek
The tale that tells my heart must break?

No! I will away to my solitude,
And hang my head in my darkened mood;
Passing away, with a silent sigh,
Unknown, unwept,—and thus will I die!

Farewell! farewell! I have but one prayer—
That no thought may haunt thee of my despair;
Be my memory to thee a pleasant thing,—
An odour that came and passed with thy spring.

Forget me;—I would not have thee know
Of the youth and bloom thy falseness laid low;
That the green grass grows, the cypresses wave,
And—the death-stone lies on thy once love's grave!

L. E. L.

A LAMENT.



OW desolate and how lone
My home appears, now thou art far away!
Oh, when wilt thou come back again, mine own?
What tempts thee thus to stray?
Come back! come back!—hath the world aught so dear
As the true loving heart that waits thee here?

Hast thou not vowed to be
Mine, and mine only, through each changing scene?
As yet my heart hath found no change in thee:—
Be still what thou hast been,
Fond, kind, and faithful—my sole friend and guide,
And dearer far than all the world beside.

Oh, when wilt thou return?
Vainly I look for thee at close of day,
And often does my aching bosom yearn
For thee, now far away.
Hath absence changed thee? No, it cannot be!—
There is no truth if thou art false to me.

Yet thou dost tarry long,
Whilst here in cheerless solitude I mourn,
And dark forebodings o'er my fond soul throng;
Oh, when wilt thou return?
Sickness may reach thee, pain, or grief, or care
Fall on thy breast, and I not near to share.

Come back to thy own home!
I know thou canst not change, but I am sad
And weary with long watching,—do thou come
And make my spirit glad.
I know no joy whilst thou art from my sight;
My yearning thoughts are with thee day and night!

ANON.

———o———

STANZAS.



T was not for the diamond ring upon your lily hand;
It was not for your noble name; it was not for your land;—
I saw no gem, no lordly name, no broad domain with thee.
The day you stole my trusting heart and peace of mind from me.

You came,—I knew not whence you came; we met,—'twas in the dance;
There was honey in each word of yours, and glamour in each glance.
Though many were around me then, I nothing saw but him,
Before whose brow of starry sheen fresh fallen snow were dim.

You're gone! it was a weary night we parted at the barn;
You swore by all the stars above that you would soon return;
That you would soon return, light love, and I your bride should be:
But backward will the burnie roll ere you come back to me.

They say that soon a smiling dame, of lineage like to thine,
Will take thee by the fickle hand thy falsehood placed in mine:
The music and the rose-red wine to greet her will appear—
For wedding song a sigh I'll have, for bridal pledge a tear.

Oh, would that thou hadst passed me by, in coldness or in pride,
Nor wrought this deadly wrong to her who on thy truth relied;—
The hunter's to the greenwood gone, his spear is in its rest;
But he'll not wound the trusting dove that shelters in his breast.

KENNEDY.

THE FUNERAL OF THE FORSAKEN.

THE gorgeous sun is fading fast,
The languid flowers are closed in sleep;
For all another day hath passed,
Smile they or weep.

Blent with the murmurs of the gale
Come notes the silence to dispel,
Sounds sad as human sorrow's wail,—
The funeral bell.

The church is gained, the grave appears;
The unconscious dead, his trials o'er,
Hath reached that home where grief or fears
Touch him no more.

The priest comes forth—looks round—for where
Are they who sorrow o'er the bier?
No choking sob of wild despair
Falls on the ear.

Where is the fond and changeless friend,—
The tender parent, loving wife;
Ties which to death such anguish lend,—
Such charm to life?

What! none to weep thee, none to sigh,
To breathe a prayer, record thy doom?
Forsaken thus, 'twas time to die—
Close up the tomb!

The rites are paid. But near the spot
A humble watcher yet we view;
One who, when all forsook, forgot—
To him was true:

His faithful dog, through want and care,
Ne'er left his side when others fled;
And now lies down, and fain would share
His master's bed.

Poor brute! let none thy love deride,
Nor scoff at thy fidelity;
For man, with all his boastful pride,
Might learn from thee.

MRS. WALKER.

GONE.

HARK! the winter wind is singing,
And the Spirit of the year
Snowy flowers white is flinging
Gently far and near,
(Such as lie on a maiden dead),
On the hoar December's head.

Yet another winter day,
And the snowy flower is flown ;
Yet another morning gray,
And the year is gone !
Gone, where all have gone before,—
To the sea without a shore !

Time, that endless, endless river,
Floweth still through joy and bale,
Leaving all that lived for ever—
All the seasons pale,
Deed, and thought, and purpose high,
Where Oblivion's people lie.

Kings, who dwelt in clouded power,
Conquerors crowned with murdered foes,
Wits and sages of an hour,—
Even beauty's rose
Faded is and lost at last ;
Gone where all the world hath passed !

ANON.

THE DESERTED.

OH, mine be the shade which no eye might discover,
Where in silence and sorrow alone I may dwell ;
Give scorn to the maid who is false to her lover—
A tear unto her who has loved but too well :
Alas for the heart, when, affection forsaking,
It turns from the vows it hath cherished for years ;

For no refuge remains to that lone heart but breaking,
The silence of grief or the solace of tears.

Though the skies of my youth are now dark and o'erclouded,
Though the chill wind of misery withers my heart,
Though his fond vows of truth in oblivion are shrouded,
From me shall the glow of faith never depart;—
As the sunbeam that glitters to vanish for ever,
As the snowflake that meets with, to melt in the wave,
As the wind-severed leaf that is swept down the river,
In the springtide of life I descend to the grave!

Then welcome, thrice welcome, the long wakeless slumber
That wraps in the bands of its silence the tomb;
Nor misery pierces, nor sorrows encumber
The turf where the cypress-tree waves in its gloom:
And, perhaps, if long-smothered remorse should awaken,
And affection return to the heart it hath fled,
The pity denied to a maiden forsaken
May be lavished in vain o'er the turf of the dead!

Farewell the gay prospects which once could allure me,
To think this poor earth was a promise of heaven:
Since he who once loved no more can endure me,
Too much with the darkness of fate I have striven.
The flowers with their odours, the birds with their singing,
The beauties of earth, and the glories of sky,
Dear, sad recollections, are constantly bringing,
And all that remains in this world is—to die!

M. Moir.

THE BROKEN FAITH.



DOWN from her hand it fell, the scroll
She could no longer trace;
The grief of love is in her soul,
Its shame upon her face.

And there it lies, the faith of years,
The registered above,
Deepened by woman's anxious tears—
Her first and childish love.

'Tis not the lover that is lost,
The love, for which we grieve;
But for the price which they have cost—
The memory which they leave.

The knowledge of the bitter truth
Contrast of word and deed—
That Hope, religion of our youth,
Can falsify our creed—

Trusting affection, confidence,
The holy and the deep;
Feelings which rained sweet influence—
It is for these we weep.

L. E. L.





THE GREENWOOD.

'TIS merry in greenwood,—thus runs the old lay,—
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild bird's song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is dressed,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower.

Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
With brighter tints the flower:
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den
When the sun is in his power.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf,
That follows so soon on the gathered sheaf,
When the greenwood loses the name;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nipped leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouthed cry of the distant hound
That opens on his game:
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride
And gild its many-coloured side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,
Like an early widow's veil,
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

SCOTT.

A WOOD SCENE.

THEY came upon a greenwood rich in trees,
O'er which went sighing the eve-wandering breeze,
Bending the tops of some with his sweet kiss,
Yet tender as the new-linked lover is.
Here shot up the white ash, and there the larch,
And there the wild witch-elm did overarch
The gladed silence with his showering boughs,
Round which the subtle ivy creeps and blows
Until it blasts the tree to youthful death;
And woodbines cast abroad their odorous breath,
Between whose leaves the clear blue landscape broke;
And there all grandly grew the broad-armed oak,
Like a centurion, 'midst his branchéd peers,
The eldest Sylvan of a thousand years!

ANON.

HOLIDAY.

OH blessed! when some holiday
Brings townsmen to the moor,
And in the sunbeams brighten up
The sad looks of the poor.

The bee puts on his richest gold,
As if that worker knew
How hardly (and for little) they
Their sunless task pursue.

But from their souls the sense of wrong
On dove-like pinion flies;
And, throned o'er all, forgiveness see
His image in their eyes.

Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
On marjoram and thyme,
And through his grated fingers sees
The falcon's flight sublime.

Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
Grow darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
O'er miles of mountains bright.

The little lovely maiden-hair
Turns up its happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart,
"Thou'rt welcome to this place."

The infant river leapeth free
Amid the bracken tall,
And cries, "For ever there is One
Who reigneth over all;

"And unto Him, as unto me,
Thou'rt welcome to partake
His gift of light, His gift of air,
O'er mountain, glen, and lake."

ELLIOTT.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.



BENEATH the trees which gently stirred
With music on each bough,
The waving leaf, the singing bird,
And whispers fairy low,—
A long, a bright, long summer's day
Passed, like the stream beside,
Which ran in song and shine away,
Though scarcely seen to glide.

L. E. L.

SONG.



AUTUMN winds are sighing,
Summer glories dying,
Harvest time is nigh.
Cooler breezes, quivering,
Through the pine-groves shivering,
Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow!
Clusters, bright and mellow,
Gleam on every hill;
Nectar fills the fountains,
Crowns the sunny mountains,
Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,
Maidens blithe are singing,
  Swells the joyful strain:
Every field rejoices;
Thousand thankful voices
  Mingle on the plain.

Then, when day declineth,
And the mild moon shineth,
  Tabors sweetly sound;
And, while they are sounding,
Fairy feet are bounding
  O'er the moonlit ground.

From the German of Von Salis.

A GROVE.



N a sweet solitude beside the flood
  Was a green grove of willows, trunk-entwined
With ivies climbing to the top, whose hood
  Of glossy leaves, with all its boughs combined,
So interchains and canopies the wood
That the hot sunbeams can no access find;
The water bathes the mead, the flowers around
It glads and charms the ear with its sweet sound.

The wood, the flowery turf, the winds that wide
  Diffused its fragrance, filled them with delight;
Birds of all hues in the fresh bowers they spied,
  Retired, and resting from their weary flight.

It was the hour when hot the sunbeams dried
  Earth's spirit up,—'twas noontide, still as night;
Alone, at times, as of o'erbrooding bees,
Mellifluous murmurs sounded from the trees.

From the Spanish.

———o———

MAY IN THE WOODS.

MAY, sweet May again is come,
  May that frees the land from gloom:
  Children, children, up and see
  All her stores of jollity!
  On the laughing hedgerow's side
  She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures
  Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
  Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see:
Up! your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there

May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song,
Hark! how soft it floats along!
Courtly dames our pleasures share;
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore dancing will we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail! this merry, merry May!

CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

NOW great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone;
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore;
And thence apace the gentle Twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns usherèd
All-drowsy Night; who in a car of jet
By steeds of iron-gray is drawn through the sky:
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
The pitchy curtains fell 'twixt earth and heaven,
And as Night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard the shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talked to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.

Only the curled streams soft chidings kept,
And little gales, that from the green leaf swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisperings stirred,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

BROWNE.

———o———

IN THE FOREST.

WHEN shaws been sheene, and shruddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
It's merry walking in the fayre forest,
To heare the small birds' songe.
The woodweele sange, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he laye.

Old Ballad.

———o———

SQUIRREL HUNTING.

NIMBLE squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert food,
Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking
When with their crooks and bags a host of boys,
To share with him, come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbouring oak,

Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
While through the quagmires and red water-plashes
The boys run, dabbling on through thick and thin.
One tears his hose, the other breaks his shin;
This, torn and tattered, hath, with much ado,
Got through the briers—and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his band,—that, headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being the last.
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hollow
The little fool with no small sport they follow;
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood and hides him in his dray.

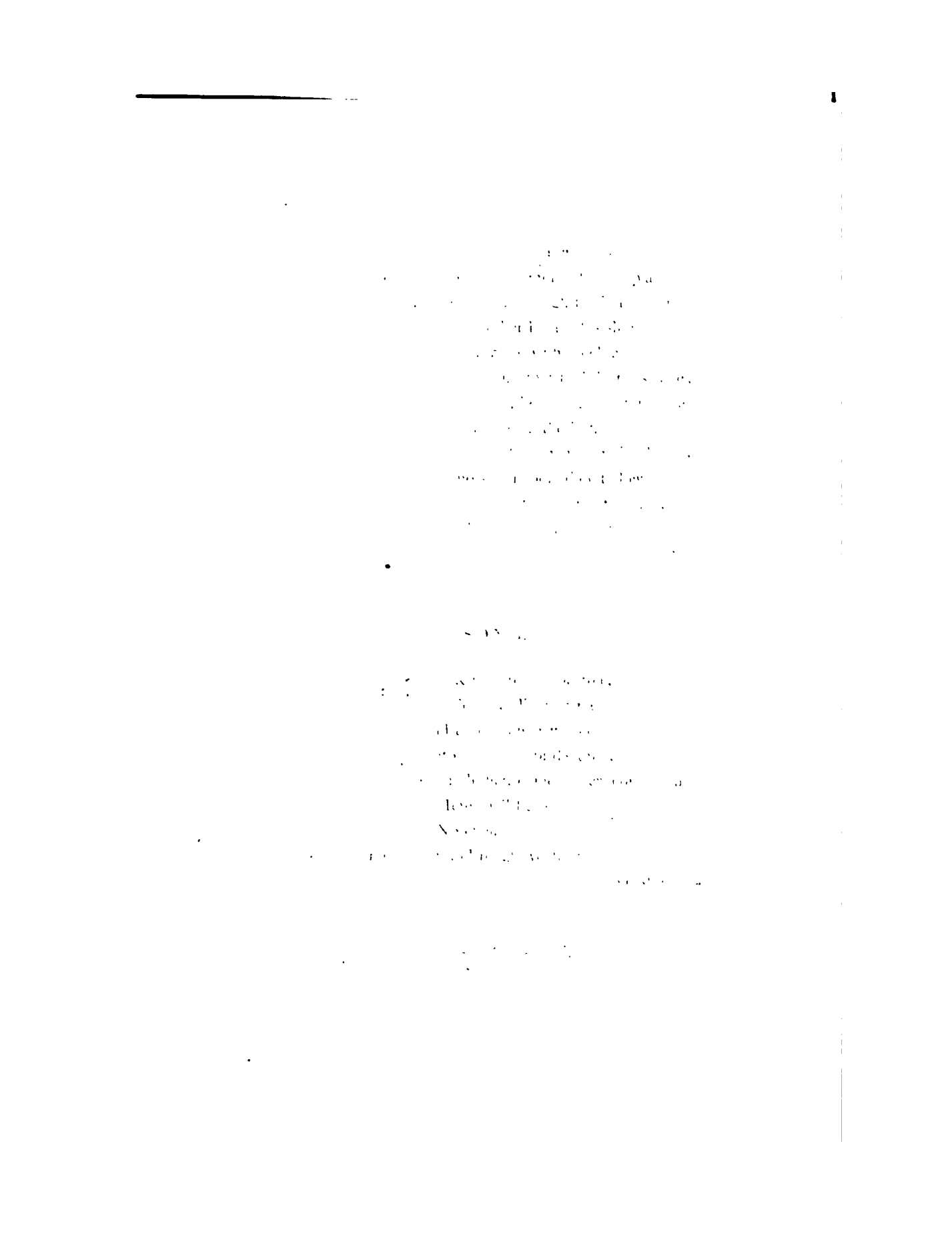
BROWNE.

SONG.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.







A BILLET-DOUX.

I THINK of thee when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
The dust be stirred;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
At night be heard.

I hear thee when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
When all is still.

I am with thee, wherever thou art roaming,—
And thou art near!
The sun goes down, and soon the stars are coming:
Would thou wert here!

From Goethe.

———o———

THE ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

I.



'TIS eve, and from her lattice high
An Eastern maid is bending,
Where music breathes to waft a sigh
On the soft breeze ascending:
His voice is on the trembling string!
But she may not greet her lover;
Her timid hand dare only fling
A silent token over.
That token, though Love's magic powers
To do his hests have bound it,
Is but a knot of fragrant flowers
With a silver cord around it.

II.

Ah, Love! thou play'st a wizard's part,
To fling an ample dower

Of meanings, whispering to the heart
  Even through the simplest flower!
On granite rock no pen of steel
  More deeply could indent them;
No wingéd words more truths reveal,
  Than those thy spells have lent them:
The granite rock to time will yield,
  The words be lost when spoken;
But every blossom in the field
  Renews thy gentle token.

III.

Those loving eyes, when years are gone,
  Though dimmed by time and sorrow,
May turn life's long, rough path upon,
  Dreams of the past to borrow;
Oft as some garden, rich in all
  This summer eve discloses,
Shall Love's young blessed hours recall,
  Twined with its budding roses.
So twined and bound, the hand of Time
  Shall cast no darkness o'er them;
For each bright year's returning prime
  Is mighty to restore them.

ANON.

THE DISCOVERY.



ER hands are o'er the paper folded ;
She looks not in her mother's eye ;
Her lip into a smile is moulded ;
Her cheek the conscious blushes dye:
Yet through that pure and changing cheek
Love softly pleads her best defence,
Whose scarce-concealed emotions speak
The soul of child-like innocence !

'Tis not a parent's stern command
Can check the tide of feeling's flow ;
Oh, 'tis not for a mother's hand
To loose the fount of human woe :
The breast may from its hopes be torn,—
The heart be crushed, but will not break ;
The hidden thought unheard will mourn,—
The fervent soul will not forsake.

Oh, thou who through her infant years
Hath watched her with a mother's care,
Forbear to raise the bitter tears
That swell the tide of young despair.
What though the one sweet dream of youth
Hath thus her tender soul beguiled ;
Turn to thine own remembered youth,
And ah ! forgive thy gentle child !

E. L. MONTAGU.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

ANOTHER soft and scented page,
Filled with more honied words!
What motives to a pilgrimage
A shrine like mine affords!
I know, before I break the seal,
The words that I shall find:—
"The wound which you alone can heal—
So fair, yet so unkind!"

There, take your fortune on the wind!
Ah, how the breeze has borne
(As if our malice were combined)
The fragments I have torn!
So let the vows they offer pass,
Vows fugitive and vain;
I should as soon expect the glass
My image to retain.

I care not for a heart whose youth
Is gone before its years;
Which makes a mockery of truth,—
Which finds a boast in tears.
That is not love, when idleness
Would fill a listless hour;
'Tis vanity, which prizes less
The passion than the power.

I hold *that* love which can be kept
As silent as the grave,

And pure as dews by evening wept
  Upon the heaving wave;
Embodying all life's poetry,
  Its highest, dearest part;
And till such love my own may be,
  I bear a charmed heart.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.



BROAD and limpid river!
  O banks so fair and gay!
O meadows verdant ever!
  O groves in green array!
Oh, if in field or plain
  My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
  A thought of me!

O clear and crystal dews,
  That in the morning ray,
All bright with silvery hues,
  Make field and forest gay!
Oh, if in field or plain
  My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
  A thought of me!

O woods, that to the breeze
  With waving branches play!

O sands, where oft at ease
  Her careless footsteps stray!
Oh, if in field or plain
  My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
  A thought of me!

O warbling birds, that still
  Salute the rising day,
And plain and valley fill
  With your enchanting lay!
Oh, if in field or plain
  My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
  A thought of me!

From the Spanish.

———o———

SERENADE.

WHILE my lady sleepeth
  The dark blue heaven is bright;
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
  Round her bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze!
While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
  Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye, breathing numbers
  That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
  All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
  And gain her lattice' height
O'er yon poplar-trees;
  But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
  In the gorgeous sky;
In the stream scarce flowing
  Mimic lustres lie:
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze!
  But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
  Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

From the Spanish.

A LOVER'S DESPONDENCY.



KNOW not, lady, by what nameless charm
Those looks, that voice, that smile have each the power
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm,
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm;
And when with tears your absence I deplore,

Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,
Through every land, and on the pathless sea?
Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere;
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay;—
But what I know not, why attempt to say?

From the Italian.

I THINK OF THEE.



THINK of thee—I think of thee,
And all that thou hast borne for me;
In hours of gloom or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

I think of thee,—I think and sigh
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by;
And mourn the stern, severe decree,
That spared me only thoughts of thee!

In youth's gay spring, 'mid pleasure's bowers,
Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flowers;
We met;—I bent the adoring knee
And told a tender tale to thee!

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,
Earth, ocean, air were full of love:
Nature around kept jubilee
When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye;
The stirless shore and sleeping sea
Seemed emblems of repose and thee!

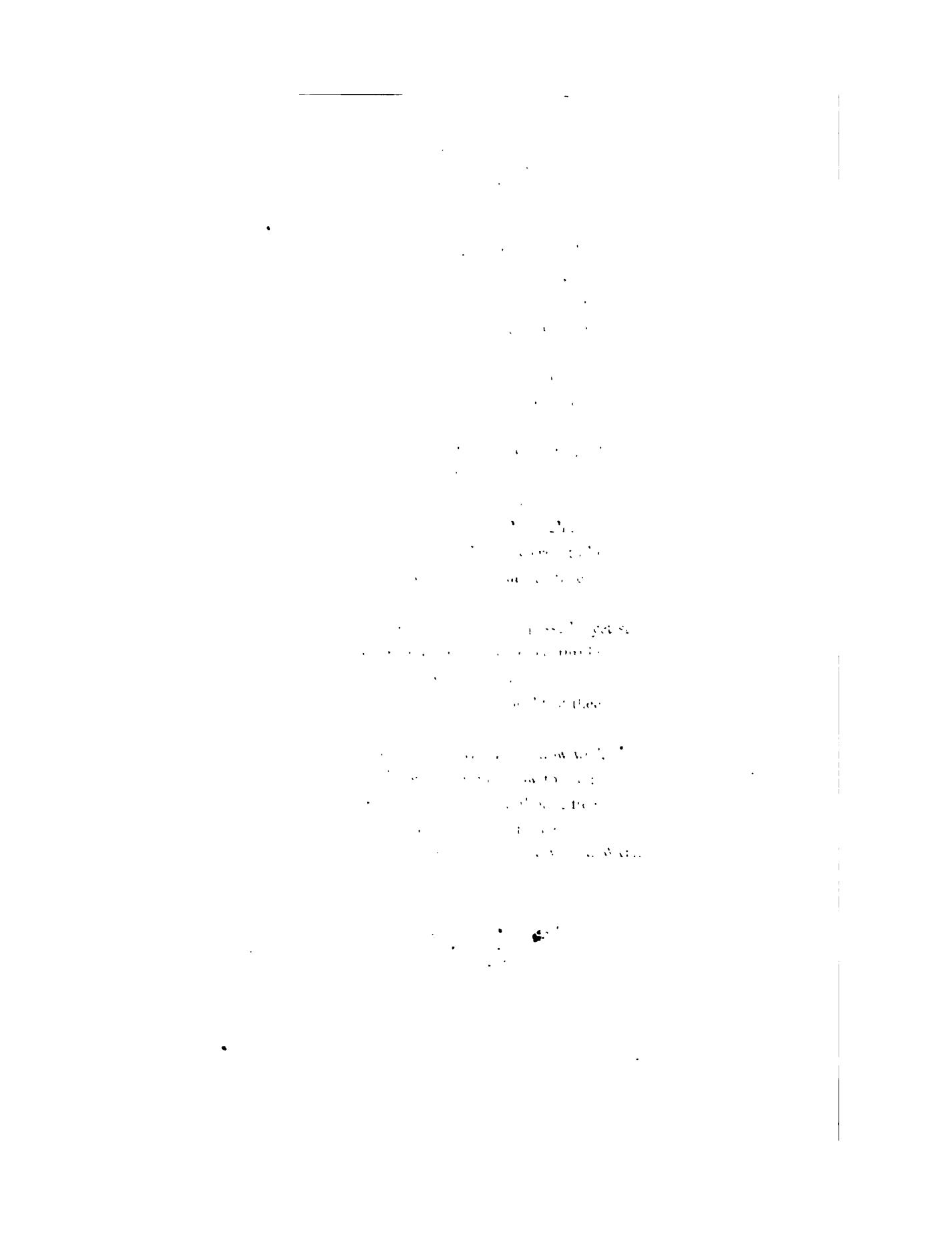
I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear;
Thy answer was a blush and tear;—
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had asked of thee!

I looked into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
I clasped thy hand, and vowed to be
The soul of love and truth to thee!

The scene and hour have passed—yet still
Remains a deep, impassioned thrill;
A sunset glow on memory,
That kindles at each thought of thee!

We loved—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell:
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left to think of thee!

ALARIC A. WATTS.





AN ITALIAN SCENE.

IT was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture; in some earlier days perhaps
A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock filled, overflowed it,
Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing, unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees—discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,

I threw me down, admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook—a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a maid a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the Angelus; and now approached
The hour for stir and village gossip there.
The hour Rebecca came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps; and, lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,—
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
Ulysses landed there; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time.
At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She joined her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink;
And, while he quenched his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirred till he had done,—fixed as a statue.
Then hadst thou seen them as they stood, Canova,
Thou hadst endowed them with eternal youth;
And they had evermore lived undivided,
Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest!

ROGERS.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN.



DEEP in the bosom of a silent wood,
Where an eternal twilight dimly reigns,
A sculptured fountain hath for ages stood,
O'erhung with trees; and still such awe remains
Around the spot, that few dare venture near,—
The babbling water spreads a superstitious fear.

It looks so old and grey, with moss besprent,
And carven imagery, grotesque or quaint;
Eagles and lions are with dragons blent,
And cross-winged cherub; while o'er all a saint
Bends grimly down with frozen back-blown hair,
And on the dancing spray its dead eyes ever stare.

From out a dolphin's mouth the water leaps,
And frets, and tumbles to its bed of gloom;—
So dark the umbrage under which it sweeps,
Blackened by distance to a dreary tomb;
With murmurs fraught, and many a gibbering sound,
Gurgle, and moan, and hiss, and plash, and fitful bound.

Oh, 'tis a spot where man might sit and weep
His childish griefs and petty cares away;
Wearied ambition might lie there and sleep,
And hoary crime in silence kneel to pray.
The fountain's voice, the day-beams faintly given,
Tell of that star-light land we pass in dreams to heaven.

There lovely forms in elder times were seen,
And snowy kirtles waved between the trees;
And light feet swept along the velvet green;
And the rude anthem rose upon the breeze.
When round the margin England's early daughters
Worshipped the rough-hewn saint that yet bends o'er the waters.

And some bent priest, whose locks were white as snow,
Would raise his trembling hands and voice to pray;
All would be hushed save that old fountain's flow,
That rolling bore the echoes far away:
Perchance a dove, amid the foliage dim,
Might raise a coo, then pause to list their parting hymn.

But they are gone—and ages have passed by,
The inlaid missal will be seen no more,
And beauteous forms, and many a radiant eye
That flashed with joy and hope in days of yore,
Is darkened now, all stilled their bosom-throes,
While that old fountain's stream through the deep forest flows.

THOMAS MILLER.

ARE WE ALMOST THERE?



RE we almost there? are we almost there?
Said a dying girl as she drew near home;
"Are those our poplar trees which rear
Their forms so high 'gainst the heaven's blue dome?"

Then she talked of her flowers, and thought of the well
Where the cool water splashed o'er the large, white stone;
And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell,
Could she drink from that fount when the fever crept on.

While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime,
For she would not tell 'twas only distress
Which had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring-time.

And she had looked where they bade her to look,
At many a ruin and many a shrine—
At the sculptured niche, and the pictured nook,
And, viewed from high places the sun's decline.

But in secret she sighed for a quiet spot,
Where she oft had played in childhood's hour;
Though shrub or floweret marked it not,
'Twas dearer to her than the gayest bower.

And oft did she ask, "Are we almost there?"
But her voice grew faint and her flushed cheek pale;
And they strove to soothe her with useless care,
As her sighs escaped on the evening gale.

Then swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on ;
But anxious hearts felt a chill despair ;
For when the light of that eye was gone,
And the quick pulse stopped, she was "almost there."

ANON.

———o———

THE BAY OF BAIAE.

YES! I have gazed from high Misenum's steep,
O'er the blue waters of the Tyrrhene deep ;
Have seen outspread before my dazzled eyes
That glowing rivalry of seas and skies :
The shore, the classic shore, around me lay,
Each vine-clad precipice, each silvery bay ;
There rose fair Pozzuoli's patrician bowers,
Baiae's rent fanes, and Cumae's ruined towers ;
Green waved the copse, where lone Avernus slept ;
Sparkling to shore Fusaro's ripples crept ;
Capri's steep rock, and Ischia's sloping height,
Traced their dark outline in the vivid light,
While o'er the scene's whole calm, yet bright repose,
With softened terrors far Vesuvius rose.

Each spot of haunted earth here breathed its tale,
Of the rapt Sybil ; of the fated sail
That wafted to this strand the Phrygian throng ;
Of Scipio's exile, and of Virgil's song.
Here, too, the purple masters of mankind,
The gorgeous cares of empire, pleased, resigned,

And sought beneath Campania's azure sky
A charm the world's dominion could not buy;
While Rome's degenerate nobles, feared no more,
On Zama's plain, or Actium's beetling shore,
Forgot to sigh, 'mid Baiae's golden bay,
For honour lost, or freedom cast away.

LORD MORPETH.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN GIRL.

ART thou some vision of the olden time,
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime,
Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song?

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love-lorn plainings of his matchless lyre?
Was thine the frown that chilled him with disdain,
Crushed his wild hopes, and quenched his minstrel fire?

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined;
Whom Raffaelle saw in his impassioned dream,
The ray that flashed, in slumber, on his mind,
And o'er his canvas shed so bright a beam?

No, no; a masquer in its gay attire,
A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace,
Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire,
With more than all their sweetness in thy face.

I see thee stand, in beauty's richest bloom,
In youth's first budding spring, before me now,
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewelled brow.

Thy dark hair clustering round thy pensive face,
Like shadowy clouds above a summer moon;
Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace;
Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chastened light bespeaks the soul within;
Lips full of sweetness; maiden modesty
That awes the bosoms it hath deigned to win.

There stand for aye; defying time or care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now!
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair;
Nor grief indent that pure and polished brow.

Whilst unto her from whom those lines had birth,
A briefer span but brighter doom is given;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in heaven.

ALARIC. A WATTS.

JUNE.



ELCOME bright June, and all its smiling hours,
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills, and bubble of cool springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
And buzz of happy bees in violet bowers;
And gushing lay of the loud lark who sings
High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of soft falling showers
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answered in fondest yearnings by its dam;
And cuckoo's call from solitary woods,
And hum of many sounds making one voice,
That fills the summer air with most melodious noise.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

DIED ABROAD.



EEP not, O friends, weep not that she has faded;
One tender flower beneath a burning sky;
Weep not that death her loveliness has shaded;
Perchance she found it easier to die
Than to live on in a strange alien land,
A tender link snapped from her household band.

Perchance her loving heart, in that far dwelling,
Drooped for the gentle sunshine of her home;

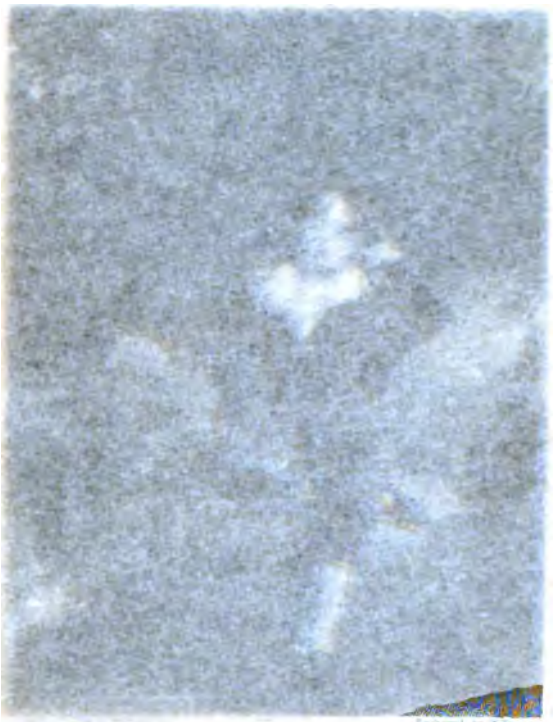
And through her breast, with every fevered swelling,
Some sorrowing memory of the past would come:
And when life's shadow deepened o'er her way,
She pined in vain for loved ones far away.

Therefore, kind Death, for very love and pity,
First chilled her throbbing brow with his cold hand,
Then led her gently through his silent city
On to the portals of a radiant land;
Watched while the angels twined her fadeless wreath,
Then left her. It was not thy shore, O Death!

Oh, weeping sister, in thy lone home dwelling,
When thy fond heart will sink, thy spirits pine,
Look up! and know where angel hymns are swelling,
There swell the tones that blended oft with thine;
And deem thy soul approaches heaven in prayer
More nearly, that a kindred voice is there.

Perchance, sad mother, thy fond love is dearer
To thy fair child than when the restless wave
Divided you—her gentler spirit nearer
Than in that distant land. Dream not an exile's grave
Retains her. No! still present, though so far,
Her eyes may watch thee now, from some calm star.

ANON.



A PICTURE.

THOU art so fair, so excellently framed,
There is such mind in thy soul-breathing eye,
As if its purer home in heaven it claimed,
And thence alone could draw its witchery;
Thy voice hath such a soothing melody,
And on thy lightest thought such magic plays,
Like a bright fountain on the gladdened sky;
Methinks as on thy perfect form I gaze,
In peace should be thy paths, in pleasantness thy ways.

But when I think upon the syren world
Whose arms would clasp thee in their false embrace,
Whose glittering banner in thy sight unfurled
From better views would turn thy lovely face;
Moulding thy docile spirit's winning grace
To the fair treasons of its painted wiles;
I fain would snatch thee from that fatal race,
Whose giddy round each better thought beguiles,
And leaves the victor nought but pale and hollow smiles.

So, when before the eyes of lofty Rome
The Anglian captives stood, a blooming band,
Breathing of beauty from their sea-girt home,
And proudly in that far and foreign land
Recalling their white island's rocky strand;
The patriarch spake with mild and pitying eye,
And said, as their majestic forms he scanned,
"Worthy their name!—like angels pure and high,
Angelic too should be their path and destiny!"

ANON.

A RECOLLECTION.

THERE was a boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;

And there with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him. And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And when there came a pause
Of silence, such as baffled his best skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born: the grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school;
And through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute-looking at the grave in which he lies!

WORDSWORTH.

A PORTRAIT.

THE child was young, a tender thing
About a mother's neck to cling,
Upon a mother's hearth to bound,
And scatter joy like sunshine round.

A thing which care and sorrow mocks;
With loving eyes and sunny locks;
And innocence so soft and sweet,
That round it all affections meet.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

LOOK at those sleeping children—softly tread
Lest thou do mar their dream, and come not nigh,
Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry,
"'Tis morn, awake! awake!" Ah, they are dead!
Yet folded in each other's arms they lie
So still—oh, look!—so still and smilingly—
So breathing and so beautiful they seem
As if to die in youth were but to dream
Of spring and flowers!—of flowers? Yet nearer stand,
There is a lily in one little hand,
Broken, but not faded yet,
As if its cup with tears was wet.
So sleeps that child, not faded, though in death,
And seeming still to hear her sister's breath

As when she first did lay her head to rest
Gently on that sister's breast,
And kissed her ere she fell asleep!
The archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.
Take up those flowers that fell
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
Your spirits rest in bliss!
Yet ere with parting prayers we say
"Farewell for ever," to the insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!
Ah! 'tis cold marble! Artist, who hast wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought,
Thine, Chantrey, be the fame
That joins to immortality thy name.
For these sweet children that so sculptured rest,
A sister's head upon a sister's breast,
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay.
For here is no corruption, the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form;
This smile of death that fades not shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age;
Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument.
And fathers sigh, with half-suspended breath,
"How sweetly sleep the innocent in death!"

LISLE BOWLES.

SONNET.

RETURN content, for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the streams, unheard, unseen,
Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood,
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
Green as the salt sea billows, white and green,
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
They taught me random cares and truant joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

WORDSWORTH.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

FREE from the cottage corner, see how wild
The village boy along the pasture hies,
With every smell and sound and sight beguiled,
That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes;
Now, stooping eager for the cowslip peeps,
As though he'd get them all,—now tired of these
Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps
For some new flower his happy rapture sees;

Now, leering 'mid the bushes on his knees,
On woodland banks for blue-bell flowers he creeps ;
And now while looking up among the trees,
He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers,
And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies,
The happiest object in the summer hours.

CLARE.

THE YOUNG POET.

LO ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
And sees on high amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
Ah, no ! he better knows great nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil ;
But, lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour tossed
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed.
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene;
In darkness and in storm he found delight,
Not less than when on ocean wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wished not to control.

BEATTIE.

THE CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS.



ENCINCTURED in a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress,
A lovely boy was plucking fruits
In a moonlit wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew,

And many a shrub and many a tree;
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air,
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where they say
The night is more beloved than day.
But who that beauteous boy beguiled—
That beauteous boy!—to linger here?
Alone by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

COLERIDGE.

AN ENTHUSIAST.



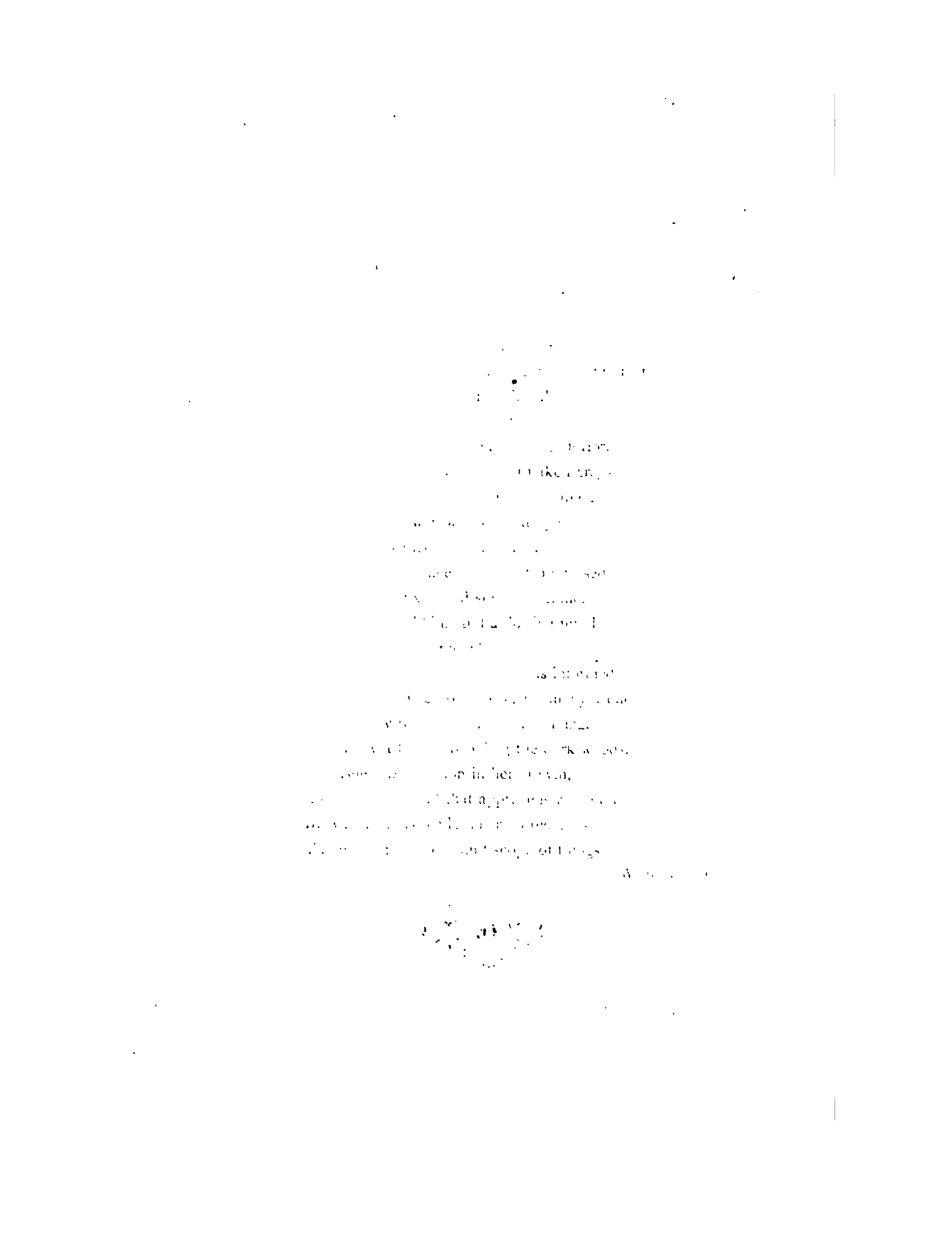
O the foundations of his mind were laid,
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms,
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images

Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness,
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite; nor this alone
Appeased his yearning:—in the after day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sat, and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
He had small need of books; for many a tale
Traditionary round the mountains hung,
And many a legend peopling the dark woods,
Nourished imagination in her growth,
And gave the mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.

WORDSWORTH.







HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter scenes dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole.
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie!
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man—a patriot? look around;
And thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country, and that spot, thy home!

MONTGOMERY.

WOMAN'S HAPPINESS.



THOU hast a charméd cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seem'st to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman, bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled at Death.
Give *me*, from some kind hand, a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy;
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, fame, thou canst not be the stay
  Unto the drooping reed,
The cool, fresh fountain, in the day
  Of the soul's feverish need;
Where must the lone one turn or flee?
Not unto thee, oh, not to thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

WHO has not felt the sweetness of the breeze,
On summer's evening murmuring through the trees?
Who has not gazed with rapture on the down,
When sick and weary of the heated town;
And joyed to taste the country's simple fare,
Its perfumed dells, its cool, refreshing air?
Such the effect produced by scenes like this;
A quiet picture of domestic bliss,
With pleasing soft emotions fills the breast,
And lulls the jarring passions into rest.
The trembling kitten, forced against its will
To try its antics, and display its skill,
Drooping its sleepy head upon its breast
Seeks with a longing eye a place of rest.
The mother-cat, meanwhile, in murmurs bland,
With gentle purring seeks a fostering hand:
Frightened, though pleased, the boy with beaming face
Clings to his mother in a fond embrace;
Yet looks delighted as her tutoring hand
Teaches the infant mouser how to stand.

The boy, when smiling at his feline friend,
Might make the grave philosopher unbend;
For still—though fed from learning's sacred rill,
Domestic feelings through his bosom thrill,
And he, whose mind the universe can scan,
When touched by tenderness, is still a man.
Sweet magic home! thou hast alone the skill
The human breast with ecstasy to fill;
Though art may try emotion to control,
'Tis nature has dominion o'er the soul.
'Tis she, our best affections can retain
With light, invisible, yet iron chain;
That struck responsive thrills through every nerve,
Subdues cold pride, and banishes reserve;
Strips pompous joys of all their borrowed glare,
Sinks to the heart, and finds its dwelling there.

ANON.

THE DESERTED HOME.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery window
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all!

The birds sang in the branches
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine—ah, closer!—
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

LONGFELLOW.

HOME AND FRIENDS

OH, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature found us;

For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweeter are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has nought
Like home and friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken!
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home, and friends around us!

CHARLES SWAIN.

A MOURNFUL RETURN.

SPEED, speed, my fleet vessel, the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;
To-morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Ah! why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears.

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestled beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed—no, the clematis climbs
O'er the gay little porch as it did in old times;
And the seat where my father reclined is still there,
But where is my father?—oh, answer me, where?

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there, overlooking the lawn where I roved;
She thoughtfully sat, with her hand on her brow,
As she watched her young darling:—ah, where is she now?

No father reclines in the clematis seat,
No mother looks out from her shaded retreat,
No sister is there stealing shyly away,
Till her half-suppressed laughter betrayed where she lay.

How oft in my exile, when kind friends were near,
I've slighted their kindness, and sighed to be here.
How oft have I said, "Could I once again see
That blest little valley, how blest I should be."

How blest, oh, it is not a valley like this,
That, unaided, can realize visions of bliss;
For voices I listen, and then I look round
For light steps, that used to trip after the sound.

But, see, the green path—I remember it well,
'Tis the way to the church—hark! the toll of the bell;
How oft in my boyhood a truant I've strayed,
To yonder dark yew-tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now,
No smooth space is left 'neath the dark yew-tree bough;
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought is the home of the dead.

And was it for this I've looked forward so long,
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song?
And turned from the dance of the dark girls of Spain,
And wept for my country again and again?

And was it for this to my casement I crept,
To gaze on the deep, when they deemed that I slept?
To think of fond meetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure—oh, was it for this?

When those who so long have been absent, return
To the home of their childhood, 'tis but to mourn;
Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the tempest may rave,
There's a calm for my heart in the dash of the wave;
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the sails are unfurled,
Oh! ask me not whither—my home is the world!

ANON.

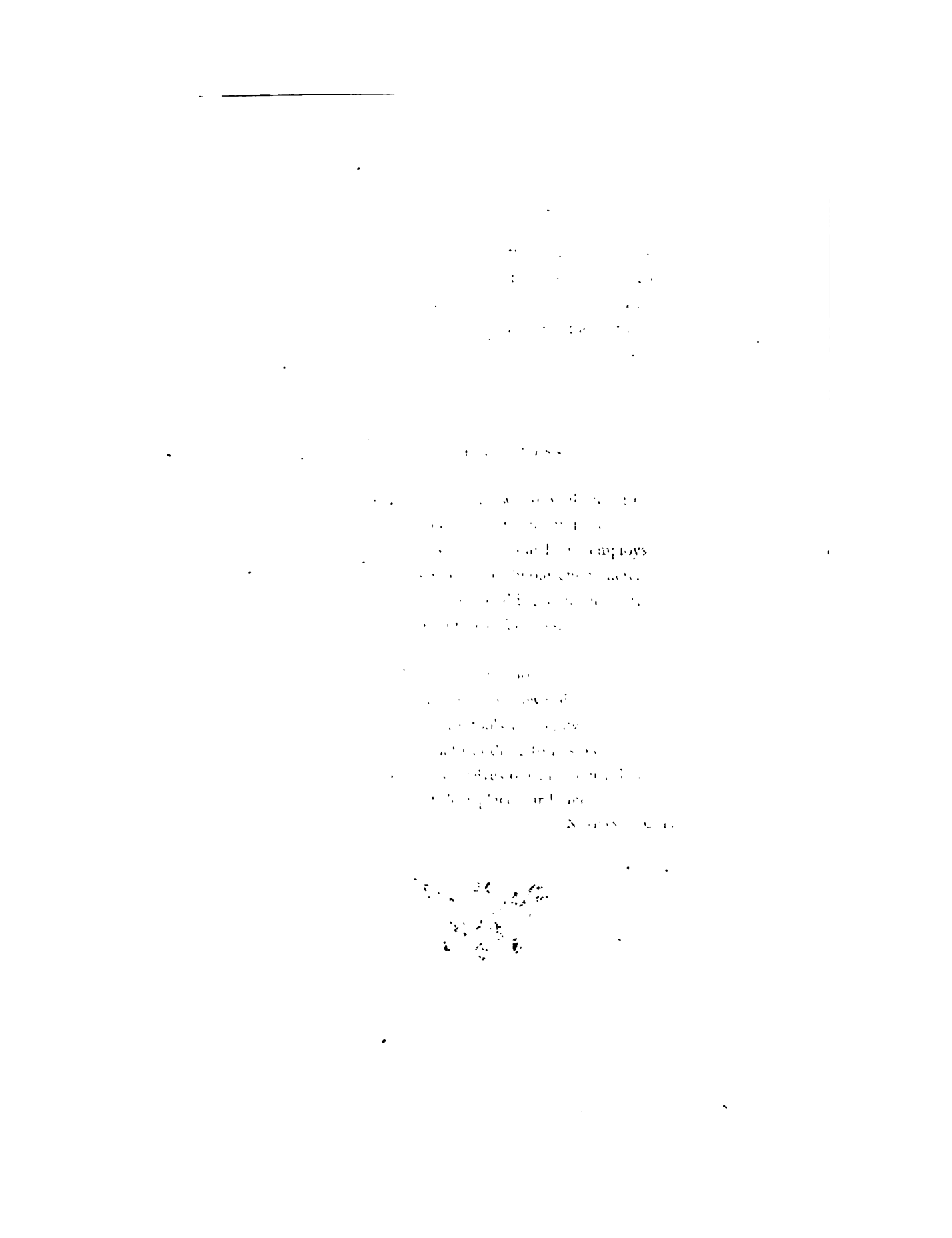
HOME HAPPINESS.

FROM the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear place our home.

NATHANIEL COTTON.







THE RISING OF THE NILE.

RICH is the earth in streams ;
O'er the green land unnumbered waters glide ;
But brighter than the rest thy current gleams,
Egyptian tide !
Time throws no shadow on thy silver crown,
O river of renown !

Rich are the ancient shores,
Made fertile by thy flow, in piles that stand
To point how far the feeble spirit soars
Above the land :

Thy way sublime o'ersweeps the marvellous ground,
A marvel more profound.

The pyramids are there;
Yet once the sunshine fell upon the spot
On which they stand: forth went thy current fair,
And found them not.
Old as the earth they seem, but thou wert old
Ere man conceived their mould.

And when the traveller's eye
Shall find these sculptured glories (as it will)
Crumbled and dim, thy sands shall not be dry,
But sparkle still:
Along thy shores their ancient dust may fall,
But thou shalt flow o'er all.

Like sunshine on his sleep,
Thy fountain flashed on the explorer's sight,
Oh, transport (won with toil), to see thee leap
Into the light;
The cradling turf to press—to stoop and drink,
And breathe on that far brink!

But high, and higher still,
The wizard-water flows from hour to hour,
Encircling rainless cities—as a rill
Circles a flower:
Behold, o'er all it flows—o'er branch and plain,
That long had pined for rain.

And thousands at the sight,
Childhood and holy age, have sought the brim.
Fringed by the lotos-lilies, blue and white,
With heart and hymn,
To bless the rising river (come to save),
And worship the fond wave.

The palace and the plough
Are both forsaken; maidens from the bank
Descend to bathe; others, with song and vow,
Wind on in ranks;
And still, o'er all the breezeless tide, the air
Echoes some pealing prayer.

A hundred times the morn
Hath tinged the living flood; which now rolls back,
Leaving rich verdure upon fields forlorn,
Flowers on its track.
Green health and plenty on the parched land,
And fruit on what was sand.

Howe'er thy rise be traced—
If to Etesian air, that seaward blows;
Or the wild rush, through many a sunny waste,
Of Libyan snows;
Such art thou now, O Nile! and such of old,
Richer than streams of gold!

Delicious as at first,
As in that early time, thy ripples run,

When he who at the Nile allayed his thirst
Was Egypt's son;
And when, where'er its sacred streams were found,
That was Egyptian ground!

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE GANGES.

THE skies are fair in southern France,
And brightly glows an English June;
And o'er the ocean's wide expanse
How gently smiles the cloudless moon.
In the mild tropic—but there's not,
Beneath the eternal heaven, a spot,
O'er which the sun, the moon, and sky,
Display a lovelier radiancy,
Than where the sacred Ganges flows—
Land of the bulbul and the rose!
If its green banks have e'er been red,
Those times of havoc now have fled;
And peace, conjoined with plenty, reigns
Perennial 'mid those favoured plains.

Around, how tranquil is the scene;
The air how clear, the sward how green!
O'er all a luscious languor thrown,
In the bright noon of that warm zone,
Impels each youth and gentle maid
To seek the near and various shade.

Here towers the straight, umbrella'd palm,
Moveless, though high—the air's so calm ;
And, more removed, yet near the stream,
Stand the think mango groves, which seem
Like those all-hallowed bowers, where gods
In Rome's young days had their abodes.
There the Briarean banyan spreads
His hundred arms, and round him sheds,
O'er roods of ground wide sheltering boughs,
Fit place for young love's timid vows.
The light-leaved tamarind, more aloof,
O'ershades the white pagoda's roof,
'Neath which the tinkling, silvery bells,
Denote that there the Brahmin dwells,
In vain belief his god can hear
Prayers which, though erring, are sincere.
And you may see some Moslem tomb
Which pious cares each night illume,
With one small light, that gleams afar,
In twinkling beauty, like a star;
And every hedge and copse is bright
With the quick fire-fly's playful light;
Like thousands of the sparkling gems,
Which blaze in eastern diadems.

There is no twilight there, but day
So brightly vanishes away,
That its reflection serves to light,
For some brief time, the shades of night;
And mellows down what else were gloom
To a sweet, clear, obscure. The doom

Of many an anxious girl is sealed
At that lone hour, as (all revealed
Her lover's fate) the little boat,
With its pale light, may sink or float!
Along the river's dazzling track,
The boatmen guides his slow oolack;
Or urges on, with speedier oar,
The light canoe along the shore;
While heavily upon its breast,
The lazy budjras nightly rest.

M'NAGHTEN.

FAREWELL TO RIVILIN.



BEAUTIFUL River! goldenly shining
Where with the cistus woodbines are twining;
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee),
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee!

Why do I love thee, heart-breaking River?
Love thee, and leave thee? Leave thee for ever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's Sister! sad in thy gladness.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing,
Man is a shadow? River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

Oh, when thy poet weary, reposes,
Coffined in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, heart-breaking River!
Tell them I loved thee—love thee for ever!

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal;
River of Beauty! love is eternal;
While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
Safe is the fountain flowing from heaven.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
Glad as the heath-flower, glowing to meet thee.

ELLIOTT.

A RIVER.

THOU art the poet of the woods, fair river,
A lover of the beautiful, and still
Wand'rest by wildest scenes, while night stars quiver,
The only voice that haunts the desert hill:—
Thou art the poet of the woods, whose lay
Charms the dim forest on thy sylvan way.

Thou art the artist of the vale, bright river,
That paint'st the glowing hues of earth and sky
On thine own pure and placid breast for ever;
Two worlds of beauty on thy waters lie;
Thou'rt Nature's boldest painter—broad and free,
And human genius ne'er surpasseth thee.

Thou art the minstrel of the fields, sweet river,
Whose music lingers like an angel's tongue,
A voice that sings the glory of the Giver!
Creation's first, sublimest birth of song!
Still let my soul thy liquid music hear,
Oh, sweet musician, voice for ever dear!

CHARLES SWAIN.

SONG.

THE nightingale is warbling
Her anthem to the rose,
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming
Where the woodruff sweetly blows.
The rocks are clad in moonlight,
But the river sings in shade;
And the flashing rills, like fairies,
Go dancing down the glade.

It is the hour of feeling;
When the spirit pours its stream
Of happy thoughts, revealing
The light of passion's dream.

Oh! the smile of eve is lovely
When it sinks on flower and tree,
And twilight's reign is holy,
But the moonlight hours for me!

There's not a tale of childhood,
There's not a dream of youth,
But in those delicious moments
Resumes its early truth.
The hopes that once delighted,
The tears we cherished then,
Friends dead, affections slighted,
Oh! they all return again.

ANON.

THE RIVER RUNS FOR ALL.

ALTHOUGH the cloud may rise, the shower may fall,
The River runs for all.
He pineth not who, hoping, pines,
Who lays him down, yet hopes to see
Spring leaves upon the tree,
When winter breaketh up its frost-built shrines.

We have our trials all—our pleasures, too,
If we would wisely woo
The forms of blessing scattered o'er
Earth's wide extent of blissful things,
Green woods, and healing springs,
And sparkling gems, chance-thrown upon the shore.

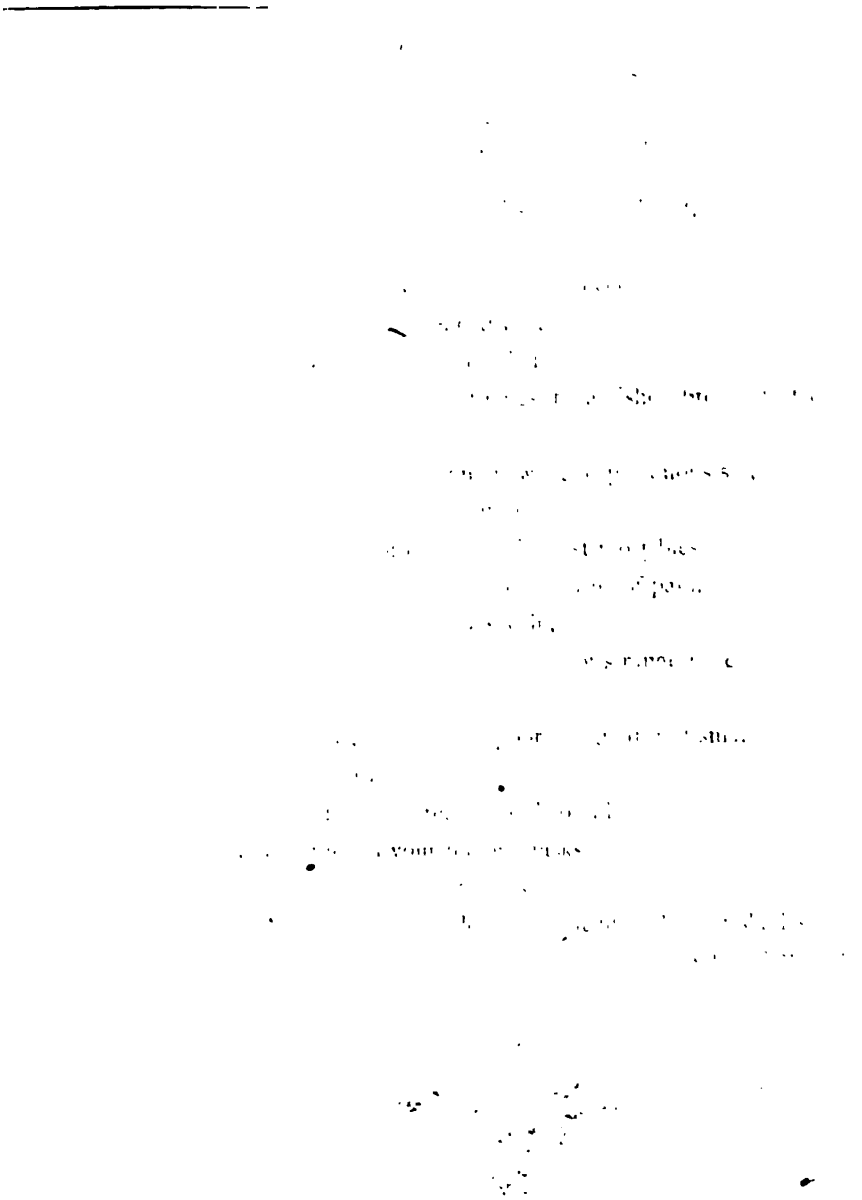
Thou, brooding o'er thy discontented heart,
From poverty apart,
With gold at will, and ease at need,
And menials to attend thy call—
Look forth and leave thy hall,
And learn in squalid lanes its famished broods to feed.

Thou, stung by poisonous want to poisonous sin,
Couldst thou but see within
The home of him thou deem'st most blest,
Then wouldst thou trace new forms of pain,
Sick thoughts, ambitions vain,
And many an uncouth shape of strange unrest.

Take heart, ye rich and poor, ye great and small,
The River runs for all.
Hold forth the ready hand to aid
Each other in your lifelong tasks;
The human heart here asks
A share of human love to light life's darkest shades.

CALDER CAMPBELL.







TO MY OLD DOG.

POOR Oscar! how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou, who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slowly thou stealest the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how cripple and blind.

Thy hairs now are silvered, thou hearest my voice,
And thy slow-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
But how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
So sleek and so gamesome, so swift and so bold!

At sunrise I wakened to hear thy loved bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the song of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When bright was the blue sky, and fresh was the air.

How then thou wouldst gambol and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from the sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream and bring to my hand
The twig, or the wild flower I threw from the land.

On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldst cower on the greensward and look in my face;
In wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And up-toss them in air, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy, all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dimmed is thine eye-ball, and gray is thy hair;
And I am a man doomed to thought and to care.

Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid of Truth;
When earth looked an Eden; when joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and life's path besprinkled with flowers.

Now summer is fading, soon tempest and rain
Will harbinger desolate winter again;
And thou, all unable the cold to withstand,
Wilt die when the snow-flakes fall over the land.

Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
And in springtime 'twill shed down its blossoms on thee;
So, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy love shall be thought of no more.

Then all who caressed thee and loved shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Like a shadow be quite from the memory cast.

And changes will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old trees be removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gardener, when delving, shall marvel to see
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree.

Frail things, could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our weakness, some warning to show
How uncertain the sands are we build on below.

Our fathers have passed and are laid in the mould;
Year passes on year, and the young become old;
Time, the stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friends whom we love pass away one by one.

ANON.

A CHILD.

O THOU bright thing fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter?

ALEXANDER SMITH.

VERSES WRITTEN ON SEEING TWO BOYS AT PLAY.

SWEET age of blest delusion! blooming boys,
Ah! revel long in childhood's thoughtless joys,
With light and pliant spirits that can stoop
To follow sportively the rolling hoop;
To watch the sleeping top with gay delight,
Or watch with raptured gaze the sailing kite;
Or, eagerly pursuing pleasure's call,
Can find it centred in the bounding ball!
Alas! the day will come, when sports like these
Must lose their magic and their power to please:
Too swiftly fled, the rosy hours of youth
Shall yield their fairy charms to mournful truth;

Even now a mother's fond prophetic fear
Sees the dark train of human ills appear;
Views various fortunes for each lovely child,
Storms for the bold, and anguish for the mild;
Beholds already those expressive eyes
Beam a sad certainty of future sighs;
And dreads each suffering these dear breasts may know
In their long passage through a world of woe;
Perchance predestined every pang to prove,
That treacherous friends inflict, or faithless love;
For ah, how few have found existence sweet,
Where grief is sure, but happiness deceit!

LADY O'NEIL.

HUMAN LIFE.



IFE is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, new pursuits in each;
In nothing save in consciousness the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length
Like undulations on the strand of Death.

* * * * *

The child!—we know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:

We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning star;
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked;
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.

MONTGOMERY.

MOTHER AND SON.



MOTHER kind walks forth in the even,
She with her little son for pleasure given,
To tread the fringed banks of an amorous flood,
That with its music courts a sullen wood,
Where, ever talking with her only bliss,
That now before and then behind her is,
She stoops for flowers, the choicest may be had,
And bringing them to please her little lad,
Spies in his hand some baneful flower or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to smell, perhaps to feed.
With a more earnest haste she runs unto him,
And pulls them from him.

* * * * *

At her door expecting him his mother sate,
Wondering her boy would stay from her so late;
Framing for him unto herself excuses,
And with such thoughts gladly herself abuses:
As that her son, since day grew old and weak,
Stayed with the maids to run at barley-break;

Or that he coursed a park with females fraught,
Who would not run except they might be caught;
Or in the thicket laid some wily snare
To take the rabbit or the purblind hare;
Or taught his dog to catch the climbing kid;—
Thus shepherds do, and thus she thought he did.

BROWNE.

LIFE.



IFE is a stream that winds its way
To the great ocean ceaselessly,
At first through meadows smooth and gay,
Where summer breezes lightly play,
And birds make jocund harmony.

Anon it flows more broad and deep,
With stronger current to the sea;
The o'erhanging rocks are stark and steep,
And up the pass the night-winds sweep,
And pant and howl at liberty.

But nightly always on its breast
The stars of heaven come out and shine;
Below they glance and never rest,
But seem above so self-possessed,
Their glancing lights make life divine.

ANON.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

MY boy refused his food, forgot to play,
And sickened on the waters day by day:
He smiled more seldom on his mother's smile,
He prattled less in accents void of guile,
Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
Where I, not he, was doomed to be a slave;
Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew,
Dulness came o'er his eye of placid blue;
Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died,
And timid, trembling, came he to my side.
He was my all on earth. Oh, who can speak
The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so?
Ah! many a sad and sleepless night I passed
O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast;
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Drooped wan dejection, like a fading flower!
At length my boy seemed better, and I slept,—
Ah! soundly—but methought, my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma: and, in accents low,
Said, "Ah! why do I weep, and weep in vain
For one so loved, so lost? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close; even now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to woe;
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again!"
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she crossed,
And bending, kissed me with her lip of frost.

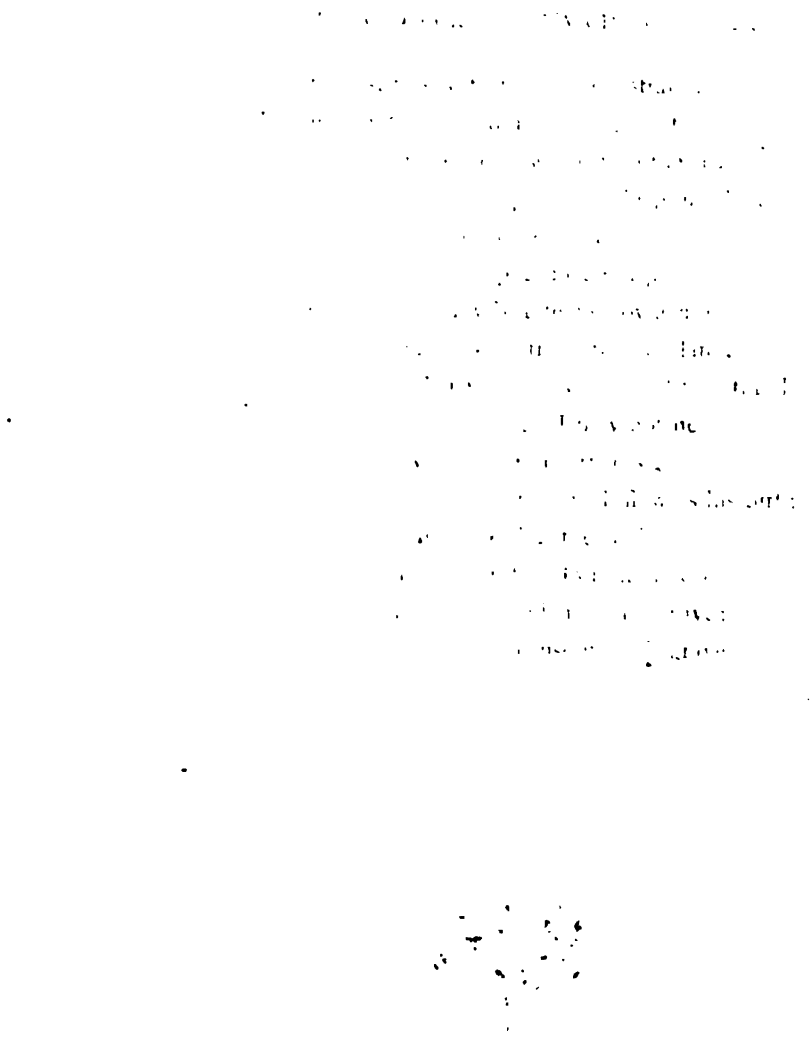
I waked: and at my side—oh, still and cold,
Ah! what a tale that dreadful chillness told!
Shrieking, I started up in terror wild:
Alas! and had I lived to dread my child?
Eager I snatched him from his swinging bed,
His limbs were stiff, he moved not, he was dead.
Oh, let me weep! what mother would not weep
To see her child committed to the deep?

No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink, nor rose, dropped on his breast, displayed;
Nor half-blown daisy in his little hand:—
Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.
Enamoured death, with sweetly pensive grace,
Gave awful beauty to his silent face;
No more his sad eye looked me into tears;
Closed was that eye beneath his cold, pale brow,
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seemed half-unclosed to speak,
Loitered a smile, like moonlight on the snow.
I gazed upon him still, not wild with fears;
Gone were my fears, and present was despair.
But as I gazed, a little lock of hair
Stirred by the breeze, played trembling on his cheek;
Oh, God—my heart, I thought life still was there!
But to commit to the watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners, rave,
One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to stay,
Upraised the body; thrice I bade him stay,
For still my wordless woe had much to say;
And still I bent and gazed, and gazing, wept.

At last my sisters, with humane constraint,
Held me, and I was calm as dying saint;
While that stern weeper lowered into the sea
My ill-starred boy:—deep, buried deep, he slept.
And then I looked to heaven in agony,
And prayed to end my pilgrimage of pain,
That I might meet my beauteous boy again.
Ah, had he lived to reach this wretched land,
And then expired, I would have blessed the strand;
But where my poor boy lies, I may not lie;
I cannot come with broken heart to sigh
O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf;
His pillow hath no cover but the surf;
I may not pour the tear-drop from mine eye
Near his cold bed; he slumbers in the wave;
Oh, I will love the sea because it is his grave!

ANON.







THE RUINS OF LUXOR.

THOSE ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-winged sultana sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!

MOORE.

EGYPT.



PORTENTOUS Egypt! I in thee behold
And studiously examine human-kind,—
In thee the exalted temple of the arts
Was founded, high in thee they rose, in thee
Long ages saw their proudest excellence.
The Persian worshipper of sun or fire
From thee derived his creed. The arts from thee
Followed Sesostris' arms to the utmost plains
Of the scorched Orient, in caution where
Lurks the Chinese. Thou wondrous Egypt! through
Vast Hindostan thy worship and thy laws
I trace. In thee to the inquirer's gaze
Nature uncovered first the ample breast
Of science that contemplates, measuring,
Heaven's vault, and tracks the bright stars' circling course.

From out the bosom of thine opulence
And glory vast imagination spreads
Her wings. In thine immortal works I find
Proofs how sublime that human spirit is,
Which the dull atheist, depreciating,
Calls but an instinct of more perfect kind,
More active, than the never-varying brute's.
More is my being, more. Flashes in me
A ray reflected from the eternal light.
All the philosophy my verses breathe,
The imagination in their cadences,
Result not from unconscious mechanism.

Thebes is in ruins, Memphis is but dust,
O'er polished Egypt savage Egypt lies;
'Midst deserts does the persevering hand
Of skilful antiquary disinter
Columns of splintered porphyry, remains
Of ancient porticos; each single one
Of greater worth, O thou immortal Rome,
Than all thou from the desolating Goth,
And those worse Vandals of the Seine, hast saved!
Buried beneath light grains of arid sand,
The golden palaces, the aspiring towers
Of Moeris, Amasis, Sesostris lie;
And the immortal pyramids contend
In durability against the world;
Planted 'midst centuries' shade, Time 'gainst their tops
Scarce grazes his ne'er-resting iron wing.

In Egypt to perfection did the arts
Attain; in Egypt they declined, they died;
Of all that's mortal such the unfailing lot:
Only the light of science 'gainst Death's law
Eternally endures. The basis firm
Of the fair temple of geometry
Was in portentous Egypt laid. The doors
Of vasty nature by geometry
Are opened; to her fortress she conducts
The sage. With her, beneath the fervid sun,
The globe I measure; only by her aid
Couldst thou, learned Kepler, the eternal laws
Of the fixed stars discover; and with her
Grasps the philosopher the ellipse immense,

Eccentric, of the sad, and erst unknown,
Far-wandering comet.

MACEDO.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA AT TIVOLI.

HIGH on the summit of the flowery steep,
Where Arno's waves in headlong fury sweep,
And lavish nature bathes in rich perfume
The myrtle's foliage and the aloe's bloom;
Thy temple, Vesta, lifts its hoary wall
In tranquil splendour o'er the dashing fall!
The slender columns tower in fair array,
Light without weakness, lovely in decay;
Whose clustering forms with olive-chaplets crowned,
In graceful cincture gird the fabric round.
What, though wild weeds entwine their tissued shade
Where once the statesman and the poet strayed!
What, though no more the lordly dome displays
Its fair proportions to the admirer's gaze!
Still 'mid the relics lives a nameless charm,
By age unwithered, and in ruin warm;
O'er every fragment sheds a softened grace,
And breathes a deeper grandeur round the place.
But view it not when noon's meridian glare
With envious lustre mocks the havoc there;
At that still hour when flaunting day-beams fade,
And evening mantles o'er the wild cascade;
As by the moon's pale gleam the fitful wind
Fans the light spray in links of silver twined;

And each misshapen rent by ruin made
Sleeps in the kind obscurity of shade—
Her fairy pile imagination rears,
And memory loves to lift the veil of years.

ANON.

---o---

PETRA.

OH! passing beautiful is this wild spot,
Tombs, temples, dwellings, all alike forgot,
One sea of sunlight far around them spread,
And skies of sapphire mantling overhead,
It seems no work of man's creative hand;
By labour wrought as wavering fancy planned,
But from the rock as if by magic grown,
Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone:
Not virgin-white like that old Doric shrine,
Where erst Athena held her rites divine,
Not saintly-gray, like many a minster fane,
That crowns the hill, and consecrates the plain;
But rosy-red, as if the blush of dawn,
That first beheld them were not yet withdrawn,
The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
Which man deemed old a thousand years ago;
Match me such marvel save in Eastern clime,
A rose-red city half as old as Time.

BURGON.

SONNET.

IN sooth it seems right awful and sublime
To gaze by moonlight on the shattered pile
Of an old abbey struggling still with time;
The gray owl hooting from its rents the while;
And tottering stones, as wakened by the sound,
Crumbling from arch and battlement around,
Urging dread echoes from the gloomy aisle,
To sink more silent still. The very ground
In desolation's garment doth appear—
The lapse of age and mystery profound;—
We gaze on wrecks of ornamented stones,
On tombs whose sculptures half-erased appear,
And rank weeds battening over human bones,
Till even one's shadow seems a thing to fear!

JOHN CLARE.

———o———

A QUESTION.

BUT stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all,
All of the famed, and the colossal, left
By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

"Not all," the echoes answer me, "not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever
From us and from all ruin unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds;
We are not impotent—we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
Not all the magic of our high renown,
Not all the wonder that encircles us,
Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

E. A. POE.

ON REVISITING A RUIN.



THE still and soft autumnal eve
Descends in beauty so serene,
That the soothed spirit scarce can grieve
Above the fading scene;
Where pale and saddening in decline,
Above the sere and yellow bowers,
Thou ivy-robed, time-hallowed shrine,
I hail thy mouldering towers.

Amid the summer's blooming reign
'Tis sad to gaze upon decay,

Which mars, as doth a funeral train
The glad and glorious day.
But while the year thus droops and dies,
Around thy walls so worn and wan,
The scene and season harmonize,
And nature mocks not man.

Yet fast as thy frail turrets fade
And moulder from their place of pride,
How oft beneath their sullen shade
Youth, love, and hope have died!
But thou art here, thy form appears,
Even as of yore it used to be—
Alas! our few and fleeting years
Scarce work a change on thee.

The scene around on which I gaze
Recalls life's summer-morning's dream;
The music of departed days
Still murmurs in thy stream;
While love and friendship's voices long
Have passed to silence like the strain
Breathed in some sweet, heart-touching song
We never hear again.

But nature's harp hath lost no string,
The waving woods and lonely sea,
Upon the living ear still fling
Their solemn harmony:

Yet changeless as in days gone by,
Though that wild music warbles on,
To me the breezes seem to sigh,
The waters seem to moan.

Nor only nature's scenes of grief
Forlorn remembrances recall
When droops away the yellow leaf
From autumn's coronal;
But the green earth and vernal air,
Each bud and blossom of the spring,
Wake thoughts of things more sweet and fair,
The flowers she cannot bring!

ANON.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

HERE let me muse on this moss-woven stone;
Silence and night surround me—star-beams fall
Through rifted arches and on columns lone;
More grand this pile than Eblis' awful hall;
What scenes of pleasure passed it doth recall!
While Fancy views it in its pristine day,
Throws back from buried time the darkening pall,
The Caesars live again, and, reckless, gay,
Thousands within this dome keep Roman holiday.

The standard flies, with life the galleries teem,
Mixed in one mighty throng the fair and bold:

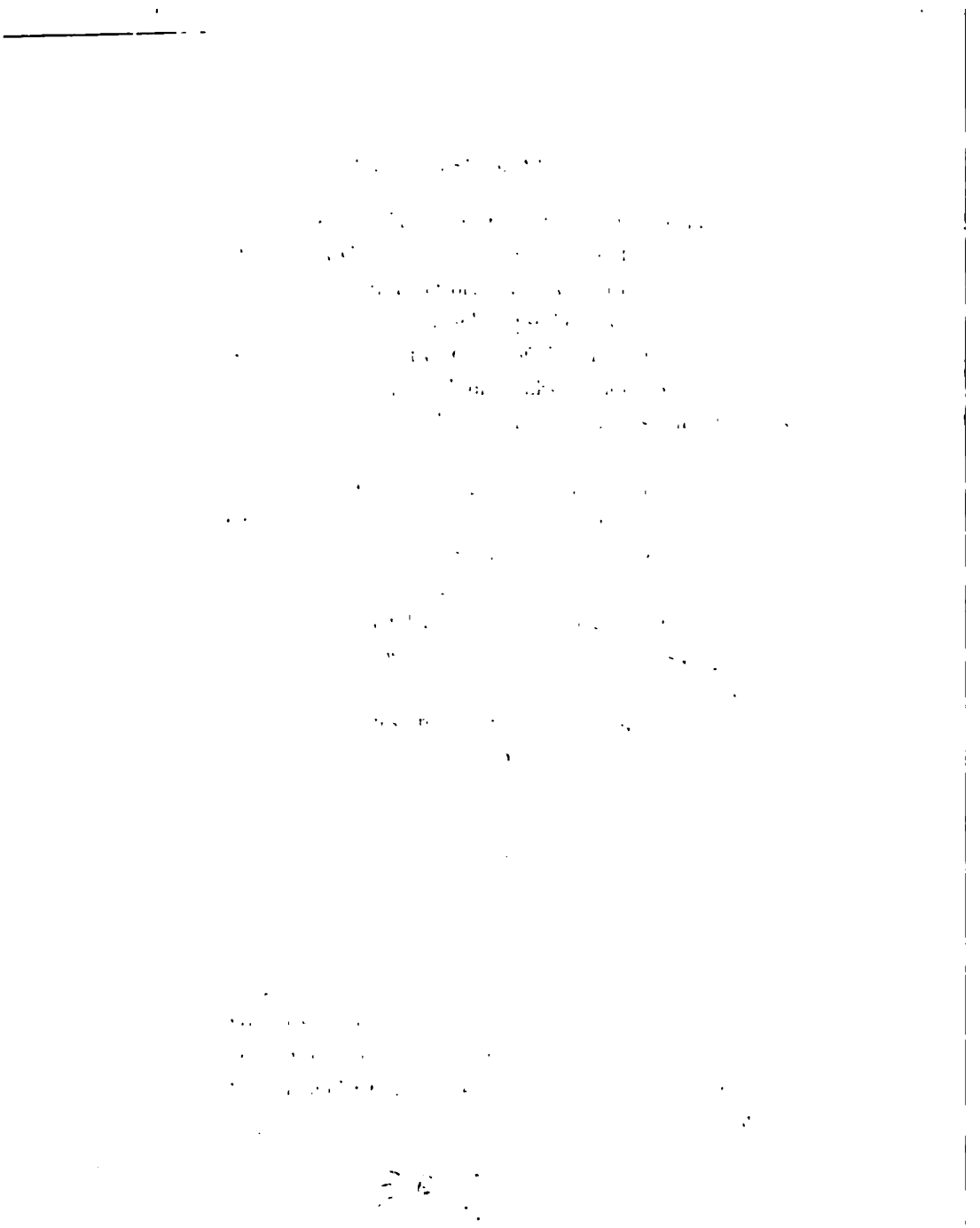
Here wave patrician robes, there bright eyes beam,
Shine everywhere barbaric pearls and gold.
Hark! 'tis the trnmpet blast, yon wretch behold,
Torn by a pard a mangled corpse he lies;
Now slow advance two Gauls of giant mould,
They front, strike, bleed, one sinks no more to rise;
Pleased beauty waves her hand, and plaudits rend the skies.

Such was the Circus—what doth now appear,
Gray, mouldering ruins, silent and forlorn;
Victor and vanquished, all who gathered here
Have passed away as if they ne'er were born.
Round porphyry pillars grows the shaggy thorn;
Through marble walks the sly fox slowly creeps;
The night winds moan through arches rent and worn;
Fame at oblivion's progress sits and weeps,
While over all, his watch stern Ruin grimly keeps.

Man! thus thy proud creations melt away!
Child of the dust, how humble should'st thou be!
On all thine art achieves is stamped decay,
Cities and empires passing e'en like thee:
Nought save the rolling ocean, wild and free,
Nought save the mountains pillaring the sky,
Nought save the worlds our rapt eyes nightly see,
Remain unchanged as ages wander by,
And smile o'er time's dark wrecks, and ruin's self defy.

MICHELL.







AMBOISE.

HE hath reached a mountain hung with vine,
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine;
The feudal towers that crest its height
Frown in unconquerable might;
Dark is their aspect of sullen hate,
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate

To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest;
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,
That 'midst bright sunshine lowers on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.
Not these the halls where a child of song
Awhile may speed the hours along;
Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,
Or the wild huntsman's bugle blast,
When his phantom-train are hurrying past.
The weary minstrel paused—his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly;
Within the lengthening shadow, cast
By the fortress, towers and ramparts vast,
Lingering he gazed—the rocks around
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned;
Proud guardian of the regal flood,
In giant strength the mountain stood;
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.
The heights were bright with a sunny glow,
But the stream all shadowy rolled below;
In purple tints the vineyard smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild;
Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell;
But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern yet glorious solitude.

MRS. HEMANS.

DOVER CASTLE.

WHEN eve's departing beam did feebly shine
I stood and watched thy hoary towers decline
And sink from view into the lap of night.
I've marked them early, when Aurora bright
Drew from thy walls their chill and misty veil;
In midday splendour now thy front I hail.
Thou noble fortress of the British isle,
Though worn by time thy visage yet doth smile
As thou look'st down upon the mighty deep,
Where navies rest as calm as babes asleep,
In yon broad harbour as a mirror fair.
These are thy pride in war, in peace thy care;
Beneath thy ancient towers, proud citadel,
Wealth, commerce, and content securely dwell.

MRS. EMMERSON.

SUNSET.

THE zenith spreads
Its canopy of sapphire, but the west
Has a magnificent array of clouds;
And as the breeze plays on them they assume
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills,
And shadowy glens, and groves, and beetling rocks,
And some that seem far off are voyaging
Their sun-bright path in folds of silver:—some

In golden masses float, and others have
Edgings of burning crimson. Isles are seen,
All lovely, set within an emerald sea,
And there are dyes in the rich heavens,—such
As sparkle in the grand and gorgeous plume
Of Juno's favourite bird, or deck the scaled
And wreathing serpent.
Never from the birth
Of Time were scattered o'er the glowing sky
More splendid colourings. Every varying hue
Of every beautiful thing on earth,—the tints
Of heaven's own Iris,—all are in the west
On this delicious eve.
Behind the green
And billowy horizon once more sinks
The traveller of six thousand years. A wide
And deep-felt pause prevails; the peaceful sway
Of twilight is begun. Bright morning calls
The world to action, and the tyrant sun
With beam intense sweeps o'er it, sparing not
Earth's toiling millions; but sweet evening brings
Her gentle airs to renovate the globe,
And (as the insatiate orb has drunk the streams)
Sprinkles her liberal dews, and, with a hush
Comes on that her beloved may have rest;
The sons of toil.
The fiercely brilliant streaks
Of crimson disappear, but o'er the hills
A flush of orange hovers, softening up
Into harmonious union with the blue
That comes a-sweeping down; for twilight hastes

To dash all other colours from the sky
But this, her favourite azure. Even now
The east displays its palely-beaming stars,
With the mild radiating moon: and thus
There is no end to all thy prodigies,
O Nature!

CARRINGTON.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.



LAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.

Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.

The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear from those lofty chambers
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.

And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

Led they not forth in rapture
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?

Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!

UHLAND.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



OW my heart is ever turning
To my distant birthplace fair!
Sister, in our France, the morning
Smileth so rare!
Home! my love is on thy shore
For evermore!

Dost remember how our mother
  Oft our cottage fire beside
Blessed the maiden and her brother
  In her heart's pride,—
And they smoothed her silver hair
  With tender prayer?

Dost remember still the palace
  Hanging o'er the river Dore?
And that giant of the valleys.
  The Moorish tower,
Where the bell, at dawning gray,
  Did waken day!

And the lake, with trees that hide it,
  Where the swallow skimmeth low?
And the slender reeds beside it,
  That soft airs bow?
How the sunshine of the west
  Loved its calm breast!

And Hélène, that one beloved,
  Friend of all my early years,
How through greenwood we two roved,
  Playing with flowers?
Listening at the old oak's feet,
  How two hearts beat?

Give me back my oaks and meadows,
  And my dearly loved Hélène;

One and all are now but shadows,
Bringing strange pain.
Home! my love is on thy shore
For evermore!

CHATEAUBRIAND.

———o———

A LANDSCAPE.

THE hills are all around me; in a dell
Worn by a stream, a deep and winding glen,
On a bare rock, beneath a waterfall,
I sit, and musing, lean upon my hand.
The song of birds, and the low, piping wind,
The distant voice of cattle, and the hum
Of labouring men, as the breeze dies away,
Make music with the stream's deep under-song
A mountain music that revives old thoughts
And fills the eye of memory with tears.
These shadowy steeps that lift on either hand
Their brows into the sun, naked of trees,
Yet wear a gorgeous mantle—the green grass,
The yellow gorse, the heath of purple bloom
With its brown foliage, group amid the rocks
In tufts or spreading-banks; the lady-fern
Spreads out her delicate fingers; 'neath the stone
Close by the torrent's side, on marshy spots
The bright green flag shoots up; a thousand weeds
Of curious form, and wild flowers of all hues
Hang pendent from the fissures of the cliffs.

Far 'neath my eye, even at the valley's gorge,
A ruined chapel with its ivied walls
'Mid the rude grave-stones of the villagers
Lies sheltered; thence grey orchards and green fields
Spotted with cattle, and the furrowed glebe
Where yet the tender wheaten shoot lies hid
Waiting the warm breath of the tardy spring,
Bask in the day; beyond the heathy moor
Spreads out its dusky level—a wide plain,
Even like the ocean's breast when the wind sleeps
And waves are stilled and the full sun looks out
For the cloud-shadows to disport upon.
Lo! how along the depths of heaven like ships
With all their white sails crowding into light,
The vapours float magnificent; beneath
In beautiful contention with the light
Shadows are chasing shadows; like wild hounds
That sweep the dewy mountain's side at morn.
And now thy distant boundaries, dark plain,
Are sparkling in the sunshine; the blue hills
Rise with their bright crests in the azure skies,
And turrets start from groves between, and spires
'Mid clustering walls ascend; green hills swell out
Their bosoms, and the valleys sink in shade.
Oh! how I love to watch yon mountain heights;
For there are eyes beyond now fixed on them,
Thinking of eyes that gaze upon them here:
And there's a constant heart beyond, that beats
With a fond expectation, and doth count
Days, hours, nay, minutes as they creep away,
Pensively chiding the slow-footed time.

With a long sigh from my sweet dream I start,
And lo! beneath me smokes the sheltered cot,
The rose-clasped porch of hospitality;
Where friendship pillows a tired kinsman's head,
And gentle beauty smiles a welcome home.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

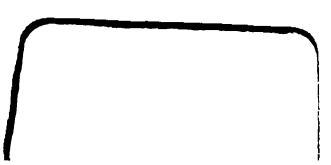
SONNET.



ONE, inaccessible, forbidden steep,
Conqueror of storms and centuries art thou;
Implanting thy foundation in the deep,
And hiding in the cloud thy furrowed brow!
What feathered myriads round thee wheel their flight
And to the thunder of the waves below
In hoarse defiance scream. The winter's night,
The summer's noontide are alike to thee
Wreck of the deluge, ocean's eremite,
Majestic symbol of eternity!
For what are time, or earthquake, what the power
Of howling tempest, or beleaguering sea?
Thy date and place are from creation's hour,
Till heaven dissolve, and flames the globe devour.

HOYLE.





FEB 27 1940